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hich shal be spoken against. Luc. 2. 34.

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The Fire of the Altar:

Or, Certain

DIRECTIONS

How to raise the

Soul into Holy Flames,

Before, At, and After the

Receiving the Blessed Sacrament

Of the Lords Supper.

With suitable Prayers and Devotions.

To which is prefix'd,

A DIALOGUE

Betwixt A

Christian and his own *Conscience*;

Concerning the *True Nature* of the

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Intended chiefly for the Inhabitants of *St. Mary le Strand*, and the Precinct of the *Savoy*.

By *Anthony Horneck* D. D.

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BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

To my Beloved Parishioners, the Inhabitants of St. *Mary le Strand*, and the *Precinct* of the *SAVOY*.

THough I intend you a larger Treatise upon the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, by the Name and Title of THE CRUCIFIED JESUS; Yet I was willing to let these Directions come forth, to prepare your Hearts for those larger Meditutions; not but that there are Books enough already Writ upon this Subject, and by abler Pens too; but you having for

some years past known my Conversation, my Temper, my Exhortations, and my manner of Speaking, and Writing; I thought something of this nature might be more useful to you, then other more elaborate Lucubrations. There is nothing I am more afraid of, then that the generality of you, both young and old, either have not, or will not have right apprehensions of that Christian Religion, you profess, some being apt to place it in a careless, customary Belief of the Doctrine; some in leaving a few notorious Sins; Others in saying their Prayers; Others in doing no body wrong; Others again in having good desires, and pious inclinations; all which Opinions are notorious mistakes of the nature and temper of Christianity, which imports a change of Nature, Disposition, and Acting contrary to the Humours, Passions, Manners, Customs, and Deportment of the World; and this is it I must see, and perceive in you, before I can conclude, that my pains, and labours among you, have not been in vain.

Brethren,

Brethren, *My Hearts Desire and Prayer to God for you, is, That you may be Saved. I will assure you, this is no Compliment, no form of Speech, no Words in course, but the ardent wish of my Soul; and my fervent Prayers day and night; This is the desire of my soul in private, and in publick; for this I fill my Mouth with Arguments to that God, who heareth Prayers, even then when you do not think of me; For this I study, and take pains, and am willing to spend my self, and to be spent; and your Salvation is the great object of my care; for this end I venture your Anger, and caress your Love; For this end I walk blameless among you, and am tender of your welfare; For this end I reprove, and exhort, and intreat you, and run, and spend my breath, and all, that you may be saved.*

I am not ignorant of the Divels devices, I am sensible of the nature of sin, how apt it is to deceive you, and though

I am not with you in all places, I see by the effects, how the enemy of your Souls deals with you, and what will be the issue of a careless Life. I consider the shrieks of the damn'd in Hell, and would fain keep you from that dangerous gulph. I see you stand upon the brink of destruction, and cannot forbear calling to you, O do your selves no harm. *The greatest kindness you can do me, the greatest gratitude you can express, the greatest civility and respect you can shew me, is to do according to the wholsome Counsels, I do give you, whatever constructions some of you may put upon these adjurations; The searcher of all hearts knows this to be true, that I would rejoyce in nothing so much, as in your obedience to the Gospel.*

I would fain rejoyce with you in the great day of the Lord Jesus; I would fain see you Glorious Saints in the Everlasting Mansions; I would fain see you shine as Stars in the Firmament of Heaven. I would see you triumph with Angels,

gels, sing with Cherubim, *and joyn the Celestial Quire in Eternal Praises. Think what a dismal sight it will be in that day to see some of your friends in the burning Lake, that might have feasted with the Son of* God, *in his Fathers Kingdom; We that meet together in the Church-Militant here, What a happy, What a Glorious sight would it be to meet all in the Church-triumphant, when these Bodies do drop from us!*

It is no small grief to me, to see some of you, who have lived for some years under my Ministry, given to the same sins, and inordinate desires, as Drunkenness, Swearing, Lying, Cheating, Dissembling, Malice, Wrath, Hatred, Passion, Carelesness, and neglect of the Lords Supper, Quarrelling, fooliſh Jesting, filthy Talk, Frothiness, Pride, Uncleanness, &c. they were formerly enamoured with; certainly this must be an argument against you in that day, when God shall judge the secrets of Men, by the Everlasting Gospel. O let's not be forced to

complain

complain of you, that we would have healed you, and you would not be healed To this end I beseech you,

1. *To make the Rules in the following Treatise familiar to you. There is nothing in it, but what you'l find exactly agreeable to that Word, on which you build your Faith. By making them familiar to you, I do not only mean getting them by Heart, but applying your selves to the serious practice of them, till you get a habit of those Virtues. A single act now and then when you are in a Religious humour will do no good; but you must labour at them so long, till they come to be incorporated with your Spirits, and mingle with your Complexion, and Constitution.*

To oblige your Children, and Servants to learn these Rules without Book, and to admonish them to try, and see, whether they observe them in their Behaviour, and Conversation; to ask them often, Whether their Actions are agreeable

ble to theſe Rules, and whether they are not afraid of loſing Gods favour, by neglecting ſo great a Salvation.

But then you muſt ſhew them a good example; for all your Exhortations, will be but Wind, while you do not expreſs the poſſibility of living up to theſe Rules, in your own Lives. Your example will make theſe Chriſtian Virtues amiable, and your practice muſt ſhew, that you believe them neceſſary. And oh! how comfortable will it be upon your Death-beds, and what joy will this teſtimony of your Conſcience Cauſe, that in Godly Simplicity and Sincerity, not according to fleſhly Wiſdom, but according to the Grace of God, you have had your Converſation in the World; God will love you, even he, whoſe loving kindneſs is better then life it ſelf. His Love will cloſe your Eyes, His Love will whiſper the glad tidings of Happineſs in your Ears. His Love will be your guide through the ſhadow and valley of Death, and this Love will ſee you ſafe within the

the Gates of a Blessed Eternity; which Love, that it may become your Portion, and Inheritance, is, and shall be the hearty Wish, and Prayer of

Your Faithful Friend,

And

Minister in *Christ Jesus*,

A. H.

THE TRUE NATURE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, IN A Dialogue betwixt a *Christian*, and his own *Conscience*.

Conscience.

ROuze, Rouze thy self, and awake thou slumbering Sinner, and think, What that Religion means, thou dost profess, and tell me ingenuously, what it is to be a Christian?

Christian. It is not only to profess the Doctrine of *Jesus Christ*, but also to Live, as He lived; to have the same Mind and Spirit in me, that was in Him, to act upon the great Principle

and Body, and praiſe, and admire him for thoſe providences, whether Spiritual or Temporal, as many as come within my cogniſance.

I muſt praiſe him when I riſe, when I lye down, when I ſit up, when I walk, when I eat, or drink, or get any lawful gain, or Men are kind, and favourable to me, *Eſ.* 5. 11, 12. *Pſal.* 105. 5, *Matth.* 6. 26, 27, 28. 1 *Cor.* 10, 31. 1 *Theſſ.* 5. 18.

10. I muſt do the ſame kindneſſes, favours, and ſervices to other Men, which I would have other Men, who are in ſuch circumſtances, do to me, and therefore muſt be charitable, juſt, honeſt, faithful, ſincere in all my dealings with them, and put a good conſtruction on their doubtful actions, becauſe I would have them be ſo, and do ſo to me, *Matth.* 7. 12. 1 *Cor.* 13. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Rom.* 13. 7, 8, 9.

11. According to the condition, calling, or relation I am in, I muſt diſcharge my Duty belonging to that calling, condition, or relation, with very great conſcientiouſneſs; as a

ſervant

servant I must be faithful, and respectful to my Master, or Mistris.

As a Son, or Daughter, very tender of my Parents welfare, credit, and command; As a Subject, obedient and loyal to the King, and those who are in Authority under him, in all lawful things, as a member of a publick Church, careful to preserve its peace, and unity; As a Husband, or Wife, loving, kind, and amiable to my yoke-fellow; and in the lawful calling God hath placed me in, diligent and industrious 1 *Pet.* 2. 13, 14, 18. *Eph.* 6. 1, 4, 5. *Col.* 3. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22. *Col.* 4. 1. *Rom.* 12. 11.

12. I must delight to think of God, and delight to speak of spiritual things, and delight to do the Will of God, and delight in all these, and in other good Works, more then in the gaudes, pomp, glory, and vanity of this present World.

I must use the World as if I used it not, and be very indifferent whether I have much of this Worlds Goods or no; and my chief aim and design must be, to get a share in God's everlasting

Kingdom. *Matth.* 6. 33. 1 *Cor.* 7. 29, 30, 31. *Psal.* 112. 1. *Psal.* 139. 17. *Psal.* 119. 72.

Consc. Why art thou obliged to do all this in order to Salvation?

Christ. Partly because God my Supreme Governour, expressly commands these things to be done, partly because Eternal Happiness is promised to none but such, as in good earnest apply themselves to the performance of them; partly because infinite glory is a thing of that consequence, that it deserves these pains, and this excellent temper, partly because the LOVE of God to me is so great, that I can do no less in common gratitude. *Matth.* 5. 20. *Matth.* 19. 17. *Luc* 13. 24. 2 *Cor.* 5 [illegible].

Consc. What is that mighty Love of God, that challenges such gratitude?

Christ. When with the rest of Mankind, I was lost, and undone in my first Parents, depriv'd of all hopes of Mercy and Pardon, and Salvation; The Eternal Son of God to restore me to God's favour, and to make me capable of Pardon, and Eternal Salvation

tion, took my Nature upon him, became Man, suffered, and died for me; and having by his death purchased this Pardon, and Salvation for me, offers me these Mercies, upon condition of obeying the aforesaid Precepts. *Joh.* 3.16. *Rom.* 5. 17. 21. 2 *Cor.* 5. 19.

Consc. But what if thou hast not obeyed these Precepts of the Gospel, is there any remedy, or hopes to recover the favour of God?

Christ. I must necessarily repent of my disobedience with all speed, and make it my business for the future, to live up to those Rules, in despight of all commands and allurements from Men to the contrary, and upon this repentance, sincere resolutions, and earnest endeavours to obey them; I may certainly hope for Pardon and Salvation, because he hath promised it, *Matth.* 11. 28, 29. *Es.* 55. 7. *Joel* 2. 12, 13, 14.

Consc. But is it possible, dost thou think, for any Man to obey, and live up to these Precepts?

Christ. If it were not possible for me to obey them, I cannot imagine why,

why God ſhould peremtorily require it of me, and therefore I may certainly ſo far obey them, as not to act wittingly or wilfully, or deliberately againſt them, and ſo perform them, as to make them the ſetled Rule of my Thoughts, Deſires, Words, and Actions, if I will but uſe the means, God hath preſcribed in order to this Holy Obedience, *Matth.* 25. 26, 27. 1 *Cor.* 10. 13. 1 *Joh.* 5. 3.

Conſc. What are thoſe means, whereby this Holy Obedience may be attained?

Chriſt. They are Eight, 1. Conſideration and Thinking. 2. Earneſt Prayer for the aſſiſtance of Gods Grace and Spirit. 3. Diligent hearing, and reading the word of God. 4. Asking advice, and conſulting with faithful Miniſters of the Goſpel. 5. Self-Examination. 6. A right apprehenſion of the Nature of God, and of Spiritual things. 7. Humbling the Soul with Faſting. 8. A conſcientious uſe of the two Sacraments, the Son of God hath inſtituted, and ordained.

Conſc.

Consc. How is Consideration, and Thinking to be managed?

Christ. I must seriously and frequently retire, and think with my self, that surely Gods promises, and threatnings will be fulfilled; that upon the moment of my death, there depends Eternity; and what a sad and forlorn condition I should be in, should Eternal anguish seize on my Soul, when it leaves this World; and though God be patient, yet he will not be mock'd; that there is no Soul in Hell at this time, but would be glad to obey God, if they might be freed, and tryed once more here on Earth; that a work of that concern is not to be neglected for trifles; that my Death is very uncertain, and a Death-bed is no place or time to bring my self to a habit of Obedience, *Deut.* 32. 29. *Ps.* 90. 12. *Ps.* 50. 22.

Consc. What is the nature of Prayer, and earnest begging for Grace and assistance of Gods Spirit?

Christ. I must take care, that my Heart and Mind do pray as well as my Lips; I must be sensible of what

I pray for, and fix my Thoughts upon God in Prayer, and earneſtly long for his Grace and Mercy, and be importunate with him, pray often, and with fervour, like a perſon that am concern'd at the danger I am in; I muſt watch againſt wandring Thoughts, or expell them when they come in, and my Soul muſt eſteem and prize the Grace of God, and aſſiſtance of Gods Spirit, above all the advantages of the World, and be reſtleſs till I get it, and take notice how God hears and anſwers my Prayers, *Joh.* 4. 24. *Pſ.* 66. 18. *Pſ.* 63. 1. *Pſ.* 16. 8.

Conſc. What doſt thou mean by diligent hearing and reading of the word of God?

Chriſt. When I read, or hear it, I muſt read and hear it with attention, and reſolution, to know Gods Will, that I may do it: Before I read and hear it, I muſt beg of God to enlighten me, and to imprint thoſe good Leſſons, I ſhall hear or read, upon my Soul, and to make them effectual to me; I muſt apply the general com-

commands I read and hear, to mine own Soul, and believe, that what God commands all Men, as Christians and Believers, he commands me in particular. I must watch against worldly Thoughts in reading, and hearing, and remember, I do sin if I do not mind what I read or hear, *Luc.* 8. 18. *Marc.* 4. 24. *Joh.* 5. 39. *Ps.* 119. 18.

Con'c In what manner must thou ask advice of faithful Ministers of the Gospel?

Christ. I must go to those who are very serious, or send for any of them, and ask them about the state and condition of my Soul, and what I must do to secure Gods Favour, how I must go about the great work of Salvation, and beg their direction in performing the Will of God, and acquaint them how it is with me; what Temptations I am subject to, and what Corruptions I am inclined to, and intreat them to tell me, how to be rid of them, and oblige them to help me with their Prayers, and to encourage me to a vigorous pursuit of the everlasting Riches; and when

I have

I have done so, must follow their Advice and Counsel, *Acts* 16. 30, 31, 32. *Marc.* 10. 17. *Phil.* 3. 17.

Consc. And what is to be done with Self-Examination?

Christ. I must frequently look into my Thoughts, Words, and Actions, and see whether they are agreeable to the Rules of the Gospel; every night, I must take an account of my self, and consider what I have been doing in the day time, whether I have not told a Lye, deceiv'd no body, broke forth into no passion; done good, resisted temptations, been often with God in Prayer, taken notice of Gods providences, *&c.* that where I have done amiss, I may watch against it the next day, and where I have done well, I may admire the goodness of God, and praise him for it, *Ps.* 4. 4. 2 *Cor.* 13. 5. *Lam.* 3. 40.

Consc. What apprehensions must thou have of God, and Spiritual things?

Christ. I must Believe

1. That God is a Spirit Omnipresent, Omniscient, infinitely Good, and Wise, and Holy, and Just, and will be

be a rewarder to them that diligently seek him; and punish the Disobedient, either here, or hereafter; or both here and hereafter, *Heb.* 11. 6, 2 *Thess.* 1. 6, 7. *Ps.* 58. 11. *Ps.* 50. 21.

2. That this God is our Supream Governour, and hath revealed himself to be Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; and that there is some resemblance of these Three in One in the Sun, in which is the Light and Heat, and Beam, which Three make but one Sun, 1 *Joh.* 5. 7. *Matth.* 28. 19. 2 *Cor.* 13. 14.

3. That all Mankind fell in *Adam*, the first Man, and by that fall, moved God to withdraw his Love and Favour from them; and that God the Son in commiseration to our Nature, became Man of the Virgin *Mary*, suffered and died, and by his death, rendred God the Father, or rather the whole Trinity, kind and propitious to us, and willing to receive us into Favour, and to give us Pardon and everlasting Life, upon the conditions of Repentance, and unfeigned Obedience, and therefore justly called Christ Jesus, *i. e.* the

the Anointed Saviour, *Rom.* 5. 8, 9, 10. *Gal.* 4. 4, 5. *Matth.* 1. 21.

4. That the Scripture where all this is revealed, is the word of God, becauſe the Men who reveal'd this in Scripture, were inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt, and in confirmation of it, wrought true miracles, miracles level'd againſt the power of Sin, and impoſſible to be done by humane ſtrength; the truth of which miracles hath been conveyed down to poſterity, by multitudes of eye-witneſſes, and from them received by all Chriſtian People, *Heb.* 2. 1, 2, 3, 4.

5. That the promiſes and threatnings of the Goſpel, will infallibly be fulfilled ſooner or later, becauſe God cannot lie, *Tit.* 1. 2.

6. That our Soul is not our Breath, nor our Blood, nor the Spirits of our Blood, but a Spiritual Subſtance, able to live, and act without this groſs Body, we carry about us, and will immediately upon leaving this Body, be obliged to appear before God, and to him give an account of its good and evil Works, and according to the prevalency

valency or predominancy of either, be made sensible of the Sentence of Absolution, or Condemnation, which shall be pronounced at the day of Judgment, *Luc.* 16. 22, 23.

7. That at the end of this world, there will be a solemn day of judgment, wherein the Bodies of all Men shall rise, and be re-united to their Souls, and their Thoughts, Words and Actions, be brought to light, and judged, and sentence solemnly pronounced; and the Good commanded to take possession of Eternal Joys, and the Bad to go into everlasting Torments, 2 *Cor.* 5. 10. *Matth.* 25. 31, 46.

8. That God requires no more of us, then we do of our Children, and Servants, and that's *Love*, and that this Love, if it be true, and hearty, must necessarily discover it self in Repentance, and sorrow for offending him, and a sincere endeavour to please and obey him for the future, *Luc.* 6. 46. *Malach.* 1. 6.

9. That though by nature we are generally more prone to evil, then to good, and have a ſtronger byaſs to Sin then Righteouſneſs: yet God the Holy Ghoſt, by his power and influences, will certainly aſſiſt, and help us to abhor that which is evil, and to cleave to that which is good; if ſo be, that by earneſt Prayer, Faſting, and Meditation, we long, and breathe for his help, and influences, *Luc.* 11. 13.

10. That all the ſervice, I offer to God, muſt be performed with my Mind, Will, and Affections, or with my inward Man, and with my Heart, and that without my Mind, have the greateſt ſhare in the ſervice; it is inſignificant, and rejected by God, *Prov.* 23. 26. *Matth.* 22. 37.

11. That by Believing in Scripture for the moſt part, is meant nothing but obeying, and that he who obeys not the precepts of the Goſpel, doth not believe that they are either Divine, or neceſſary to be obey'd, or that the Goſpel is infallibly true, *Acts*

6. 7. *Heb.* 11. 24, 25, 26. 2 *Thess.* 1. 11.

12. That that frame of Spirit which fits a Man for Eternal Happiness, is neither a customary frequenting of the Ordinances of God, nor shunning the grosser sins and vices of the age we live in; nor being Master of a single Virtue, but a Spiritual temper of Mind, which puts us upon doing all that's necessary to be done in order to Salvation, *Rom.* 8. 5, 6. 9, 10.

Consc. What are the Rules to be observed in humbling the Soul with Fasting?

Christ. I must frequently, as often as my strength will bear it, give my self to Fasting, and Prayer, and on those Fasts, wrestle with God for growth in Grace, and strength against those sins, I am most prone and inclined to, and greater courage against temptations.

I must give Alms on that day, for the refreshing of some poor Member of Christ, and spend the day in Supplications

plications, and Contemplations of my ſins, and of the wrath of God, I have deſerved, and of Gods mercy to penitent ſinners in Chriſt Jeſus, and in Holy reſolutions, to be watchful over my Heart for the future, that I may perform thoſe Duties I have formerly neglected, and imitate Holy Men and Women in their virtuous practiſes, *Eſ.* 58. 6, 7. *Matth.* 6. 17, 18. 1 *Cor.* 7. 5. 1 *Cor.* 9. 27.

Conſc. Wherein doth the Conſcientious uſe of the Holy Sacraments conſiſt?

Chriſt. In entertaining right and ſutable notions of the nature of theſe Sacraments, and uſing them to thoſe ends, and purpoſes, for which they are deſigned, *Matth.* 6. 22. 1 *Cor.* 10. 31.

Conſc. What Notions muſt thou entertain about theſe Sacraments?

Chriſt. 1. That theſe Sacraments are in the nature of ſolemn Vows, and Proteſtations; that I will be faithful to God in Chriſt Jeſus, by the aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt, or in the nature of Covenants, where God

God and Man do mutually engage themselves one to another; or in the nature of outward visible signs, whereby some Spiritual thing is represented, *Rom.* 4. 12. *Exod.* 13. 9. 1 *Pet.* 3. 20. 21.

2. That these Sacraments are ordained, and instituted by the Son of God, my Saviour; and that Baptism and the Supper of the Lord, are all the Sacraments, that are either given by Christ to the Church, or need to be receiv'd by the Church of Christ, *Matth.* 28. 19. 1 *Cor.* 11. 23.

3. That Baptism is a significant Ceremony, whereby Children, Men, and Women are washed with Water, which washing imports Gods pardon of our sins, and our Duty to keep our selves pure from Sin for the future; God promising the one, and we theother, 1 *Pet.* 3. 21. 1 *Cor.* 6. 11.

4. That though Children can make no such promises, yet it's fit they should be Baptiz'd, because they are part of the Nations which Christ would have Baptiz'd, and are Disciples, and in the Covenant of Grace; and

and it's enough, that other persons promise for them, as their Guardians, which promise they are bound to perform, when they come to be of age, *Acts* 2. 38, 39.

5. That coming to the Lords Supper is the strongest engagement to a Holy Life, because I do there personally, freely, and solemnly remember the death of Christ, and that my sins caused his death, and do protest to allow my self no longer in them, but to imitate *Christ Jesus* in his Meekness, Patience, Humility, Charity, and Goodness, 1 *Cor.* 11. 24, 25.

Consc. How must these Sacraments be used, in order to thy present and everlasting Comfort?

Christ. 1. As to Baptism, I must be baptized but once, because that initiates, and admits me into the fellowship of Christians, and gives me a Right and Title to the use of the means of Grace; and this need to be done but once: All that is to be done after this, is to keep a good Conscience towards God, and towards Man, in the use of those means, according to the promise made

made for me when I was washed with water, *Eph.* 4. 5.

2. As to the *Supper of the Lord*, that requires my frequent coming, because I stand in need of frequent renewing, not only of my Repentance, and love to God, and Charity to my Neighbours, but of the motives and enforcives to these Graces; whereof the remembrance of the love of God, in the death of Christ is the greatest, and most remarkable, 1 *Cor.* 11. 26.

The FIRE *of the* ALTAR,

OR

DIRECTIONS

Concerning the worthy Receiving

OF THE

LORDS SUPPER.

Conſcience.

IS it not fit, O my Soul, thou ſhouldeſt pauſe a little on thy Redeemers death, before thou goeſt to remember it with the Congregation? there are thoſe charms in that Death, which if rightly viewed, will be invincible motives to thee to die, to a ſinful Life, and to embrace the Holy Life of Jeſus.

Shouldſt not thou Think? Shouldſt not thou Cry?

O

O that I had wings like a Dove, that I might fly away to *Golgotha*, and behold the dreadful ſpectacle of God crucified, for the ſins of the children of men! A mighty myſtery this! To the *Jews* a ſtumbling block, and to the *Greeks* fooliſhneſs: What all the Jewiſh *Rabbins* could not ſee, what the greateſt Heathen Sages could not find out, that hath God revealed. O God! thy Ways are not as our Ways, nor are thy Thoughts as our Thoughts. We entertain mean apprehenſions of Thee, ſuch as our narrow underſtandings yield; but thou loveſt to do all things contrary to the meaſures, we poor mortals take. This hath been thy method, ever ſince thou haſt thought fit to plant a Church in the world! Thou didſt ſend *Lot* into *Sodom*, and contrary to Mens imagination didſt preſerve him from the infection of that beaſtly crew. In the midſt of an idolatrous Countrey, thou didſt bid *Elijah* ſtand up, and declare, thy Name to the beſotted *Iſraelites*

a place, where to own the true God, was fatal, and to make mention of thy worſhip, Hereſie; where to profeſs thy Faith was counted madneſs, and not to imitate the Luxury of the age, a crime unpardonable; among the wicked Men of *Anathoth*: thou didſt ſeparate *Jeremiah* for the Prophetick Office, and in the land of *Uz*, crouded with Pagans and Infidels, gaveſt *Job* a heart to fear thy Providence. Out of *Uz*, the Metropolis of *Chaldean* Superſtition, thou didſt call the Beloved *Abraham*, and vouchſafedſt to him the knowledge of thy Will, in a crooked and perverſe Generation; Thou didſt fill the baſhful *Moſes* with courage to talk to Kings; and a timorous *Aaron* by thy Order, can controul Atheiſts, and Idolaters. Thou loveſt to create a World out of nothing, and to call things that are, out of thoſe which do not appear; Thou loveſt to do things, which to us ſeem impoſſibilities; and when the Fig-tree doth not bloſſom, loveſt to produce moſt pleaſant Fruit; When calamities

ties are become dangerous, and paſt remedy, thou loveſt to ſhew thy healing hand; and when no probabilities of help appear, declareſt thy Power and Glory. Thou loveſt to bring forth Grapes from Thorns, and Figs from Thiſtles; and out of a barren ſoil, or curſed ground, many times letteſt the richeſt Spices grow; When all mankind lay in darkneſs, and was covered with the ſhadow of death; When Divels plaid about them, and the furies of the burning Lake laid hold of them; When the fiery Dragon was ready to devour them, and the old Serpent going to ſwallow up their Souls; Behold, thy Son appears from Heaven, frights the powers of darkneſs, and all immediately diſappear.

Ah! My deareſt Jeſu! Meekeſt of Kings, and fairer then all the children of men! I behold thee Reigning, and hanging on the Croſs! Reigning? for in deſpight of all the reproaches of of thine enemies, thou waſt ſtill the everlaſting King, and Saints and Angels bowed to thee, When thy Body

was torn, bruiſed, and wounded on the Tree; Their reproaches could not dethrone thee, their virulent Tongues could not make thee leſs then thou wert. Theſe impotent wretches might bark at the Sun, but could not ecclipſe its Glory. Thou couldſt have deſtroyd their Tongues, but wouldſt not, and it was a Royal act, not to puniſh them, when thou hadſt the greateſt provocations. O my Lord! I ſee thee blotting out the Hand-writing, which was againſt me! How red were the Characters! How bloody were the Lines! yet thy Blood makes them as white as ſnow.

O my Lord, I hear thy words ſharper then any two edged Sword, and piercing, to the dividing aſunder of the Bones, and Marrow; I hear thy complaints I mean, which broke the Rocks, and ſhook the Earth, and ſhall not my heart be moved at them? For Thee, the Son of God, to cry out, *My Soul is exceeding ſorrowful even unto death*! Who can hear this? Who can think of it, and not ſtand confounded!

confounded! For Omnipotence to ſink thus! For infinite Perfection to faint thus! For him that ſate on the circle of the Earth, and before whom all Nations were as Graſhoppers; for him thus to Swound, thus to Weep, thus to Mourn! What could be the reaſon? Oh thou Prince of Peace! For the iniquity of thy People thou waſt ſtruck, for the ſins of the World thou didſt ſuffer baniſhment, and waſt uſed, as if thou hadſt not been anointed with Oyl, or been guilty of the crimes thy foes accuſed thee of. The ſnares of death did encompaſs thee, thy friends forſook thee! and thy heritage, like a Lion out of the Wood did roar againſt thee! O my Bowels, be ye troubled at this remembrance! O my flinty Heart, canſt thou ſee thy Lord, as it were crucified before thine eyes, and not break out into floods of Tears! O Jeſu! Thou cryeſt to thy Father, and he hears thee not! He ſeems to be cruel to his Son, and deaf to thy lamentations! The windows of Heaven ſeem

to be ſhut, and a vail to be drawn over all the Joys, and Comforts, and Conſolations, that formerly water'd and enrich'd thy Soul! See how dry, and barren, and burnt up, this precious Soil appears. No ſhowers from above come down, no Sun ſhines upon it; the Stars of Heaven with-hold their influence, and ſcarce an Angel will ſtir to thy aſſiſtance. O Thou who art all Glorious within, and art thy ſelf the Glory of the Univerſe! Were my Sins laid in a ballance, they would weigh heavier then the Sand on the Sea-ſhore, and then, what need I wonder, that thou cryeſt ſo loud under the heavy load? for the arrows of the Lord ſtick in thee, and his hand preſſes thee ſore.

O Bleſſed Nazarite! whiter then Snow, brighter then the Sky, purer then the Sun; How is thy Face diſfigured with Grief! How do thine Eyes languiſh! How diſmal doſt thou appear! Is this the Face that was the perfection of Beauty? Is this the Face that was once the deſire of all Nations?

ons? Is this the Face which ſo many Prophets and Righteous Men have deſired to ſee? Is this the Face that *Abraham* long'd to behold, and the Patriarchs were ambitious to have a view of? Is this the Face admired by Angels, and dreaded by Divels? What is thy Beloved more then another Beloved, O thou faireſt among Women! Is this the mighty Bridegroom of the Church, who was once transfigured on the Holy Mount, and his Face did ſhine as the Sun, and his raiment became white as the light? Is this he, whom God anointed with the oil of gladneſs above his fellows! whoſe garments ſmell of Myrrhe, Aloes, and Caſſia; and caſt ſuch a ſcent, that the Daughter of *Tyre* came with a Gift, and the rich among the People entreated his favour! How is he alter'd? How is his Countenance chang'd! How is the Gold become dim, and the fine Gold changed! Yet ſtill thou art lovely to a Soul that ſees farther then the outſide. Still thou art a Cordial to fainting Spirits. Still thou

art a fountain of living waters. Still thou art the Joy of the whole Earth, the Light of Heaven, and the Song of *Sion*. My thoughts, O Lord, ſhall follow thee to the Croſs. Methinks I ſee how thou art going to die; thou lookeſt back on thine Enemies, and notwithſtanding all their Affronts, offereſt them Mercy. O incomprehenſible Goodneſs! Even then when thou art lifted up to the infamous Tree; Thou draweſt and inviteſt all Men to thee. Thou Preacheſt on the Croſs, and thy very wounds are Sermons to the Children of Men, and thy Blood trickling down, is an exhortation to Repentance. Surely it is good for me to adhere unto thee, and to count it death to be ſeparated from thee!

O whether ſhall I go but to thee, who haſt words of Eternal Life! Thou art my Sun, by Thee I ſhall be enlighten'd, by Thee my Soul ſhall be warm'd; O how comfortable are thy beams! What a progreſs muſt that Soul make, on which thou ſhineſt, and darteſt thy Glorious Rays! Thou

art

art that lofty Cedar, whoſe boughs over-ſpread the Believing World!

Under the ſhadow of that Tree will I reſt; It is for the healing of the Nations. I will be glad in the Lord, and rejoyce in my bleeding Jeſus! While the World deſpiſes thee, I will honour thee; While Great Men paſs by and regard thee not, I that am poor and needy, will wait to be refreſhed by thee!

Go ye fools! be enamoured with your Trifles, admire your Butterflies, doat on your ſenſual Pleaſures: Here is one that looks charming in his Tears, lovely in his Blood, amiable in his Wounds, and is more beautiful in the midſt of all his diſtreſſes, then the brighteſt Virgins Face, adorned with all the glittering Treaſures of the *Eaſt*!

O my Strength! by Thee I deſire to be comforted, and ſupported. O anoint my Eyes with thy Sovereign Eye-ſalve, and I ſhall ſee, and live. O that the Clouds which dwell on my Underſtanding were diſperſed, that I might look upon thee ſtedfaſtly! Oh!

then

then thou wouldſt appear more lovely to me on the Croſs, then *Cræſus* in his Throne, or *Solomon* in all his Glory. God forbid that I ſhould glory in any thing, ſave in the Croſs of Chriſt. In this lie hid vaſt treaſures of Sweetneſs! O my Jeſus! make me conformable to thy death, and give me leave to carry thy marks in my Body; Let me be crucified with thee, and let Chriſt for ever live in me.

Canſt thou live in a Soul, that hath abuſed thy Mercy, ſlighted thy Patience, and ſo often baffled the ſtratagems of thy Compaſſion! I believe Lord! O help mine unbelief. Thou cameſt to call not the Righteous, but Sinners to repentance. Oh! then my Husband will love me, my Redeemer will come and live with me, for my repentings are kindled, I hate the ſins that have defiled my Soul! Away ye Swine! Here are no Divels to enter in. I am to receive my Bridegroom into my Heart. Come Lord Jeſu! Come quickly! Thou art the welcomeſt Gueſt I know! How happy

ſhall

ſhall I be, if thou wilt lodge in this earthly Tabernacle! Happier, then if all the Angels of Heaven took up their Habitation here!

O ye beſotted *Jews*, what makes you run ſo faſt to kill the Lord of Life? ye cannot live without him, and what evil ſpirit doth poſſeſs you to kill and murther him? Can you think of his miracles, and do ſo? Can you reflect upon his Doctrine, and attempt ſuch villanies? Can you remember how he taught you in the Temple, even to aſtoniſhment, and venture on ſuch proceedings? Can you call to mind how he hath purged your Countrey of Divels, and your Sick of their Diſeaſes, and ſuffer the Divel to enter into you!

O dreadful ſpectacle! O that my Head were Water! Who will riſe with me againſt the wicked! O thou that art purer then the Lillies, purge me with Hyſop, and I ſhall be clean; waſh me, and my filthineſs ſhall not be ſeen! O bathe me in the Fountain open'd for the Houſe of *Judah*, and

Jeruſalem

Jeruſalem; and I ſhall look fairer then the Children, which fed on the Meat of the King of *Babylon*'s Table. O my God I thirſt for thee, as dry Land after Water. My Soul flies and flutters about, like *Noah*'s Dove, and can find no reſt, till it gets into thy Ark. *Great Gate of Mercy* open to me, hide me from the wrath of an offended God, and make a covenant of Peace with me. Ah! Who would not love thee, that hears thee pray for thy greateſt enemies. O lovely Bridegroom of my Soul! wound my Heart, that it may be ſick of Love. How kind art thou, even to thy moſt hard-hearted foes! What a motive is this to love thee! What needeſt thou care what becomes of ſtubborn ſinners! Why ſhouldſt thou trouble thy ſelf about wretches, that will have none of Thee, that will have their Dirt and Dung, and Traſh, and Husks, and prefer theſe trifles before Heaven, and a Sea of Glory? Thou canſt live without the ſociety of Men, at leaſt, thou needeſt no

ſuch

ſuch company, yet thou longeſt for their Pardon and Happineſs, as if they had been thy greateſt friends! Was ever Goodneſs like this? O that my Thoughts and Contemplations might be always buſie about this Love! This is no vulgar Love! the love of *David* to *Jonathan*, the love of *Jacob* to *Rachel*, the love of Brethren, Siſters, Friends, will bear no reſemblance here! *Moſes* his love to the *Iſraelites*, for whoſe ſake, and ſo they might but continue in Gods favour, he was content to be blotted out of Gods Book, and *St. Pauls* wiſh to be even accurſed of Chriſt, for his Kinſmen of the Jewiſh Nation, theſe demonſtrations of Love come ſomewhat nearer; but ſtill thy Love, my deareſt Lord, ſurpaſſes all theſe, as the light of the Sun doth that of the Moon, and the leſſer Stars. They borrow'd their love from thine, and lighted their Candle by thy brighter Fire; that which was exceſs of Love in them, was but a ſpark of that Charity, which overſpread thy larger Soul.

They

They did but wiſh to die for the People, thou didſt actually exſpire for their good; their Love was confined to a ſingle Nation, thine extended to the whole World! Theſe Men were ſtill their friends, that they wiſh'd to be miſerable for; but thoſe, thou ſuffereſt for, were thine enemies! Their Love had great defects mingled with it, but thine was pure and ſpotleſs; Theirs had Clouds and Miſts to darken it, Thine was all Light and Glory; Theirs was a ſuddain tranſport, which might not laſt many days, but Thine was conſtant to a miracle, and thoſe whom thou lovedſt, thou lovedſt unto the end!

Great Emperour of Souls! thou hangeſt betwixt Thieves, and not without reaſon, for thou ſtealeſt the Heart away! What Heart can ſee thy Beauty, and forbear being enamoured with it! Thou doſt raviſh my Soul with thine Eyes of pity. To ſee thee caſt a favourable look on ſuch a monſter as I am, Who can forbear falling in love with ſo much clemency?

I am a Captive in this World. The Law of my Members makes me captive to the Law of Sin: O take me by force from that priſon. O ſet me as a Seal upon thy Heart, Rule thou in my Members. Erect a Trophy over my Head! and rejoyce in conquering me. O let me be content to undergo the Croſs, and reproach with thee, that thou mayſt remember me, now thou art in thy Kingdom. O remember me with the favour, thou beareſt unto thy People!

O my Jeſus! Who can hear thee cry, I Thirſt, and not wiſh for Rivers of Tears! What canſt thou Thirſt for, but the Salvation of Mankind! Thou cameſt for that purpoſe from Heaven! Leftſt thoſe brighter Manſions, to invite poor ſinners to the mighty Banquet there! For this thou didſt travel up and down, and enduredſt Cold and Hunger, and Wearineſs; for this thou wroughteſt miracles; for this thou didſt Intreat, Rebuke, preach the Word in ſeaſon, and out of ſeaſon; for this thou couldſt be content to want a

place

place, where to lay thy Head; for this thou taughteſt daily in the Temple, ſometimes on the Mount, ſometimes in a Ship, ſometimes in a Deſart, for this thy Soul did long; for this thou ſufferedſt, for this thou waſt buffeted, beaten, bruiſed, and wounded, even becauſe, thou wouldſt not give over calling poor deluded ſinners, to a ſenſe of their Duty! for this thou Thirſteſt here! The rude multitude fancies it is either Water, or ſome cordial thou wiſheſt for! They meaſure thy condition by their own ſenſual appetite! but they were purer deſires that glow'd in thy Breaſt! It is Water indeed, thou thirſteſt for, but ſuch Water, as *David* made his Bed to ſwim in. The Tears of a penitent Soul are the Wine thou longeſt for; They are the Drink the Son of God, thirſts after. Weep, weep mine Eyes, that the Lord Jeſus may Drink and be ſatisfied! O Lord, I have given thee Gall to Drink, I have offered thee the cup of Trembling, and Aſtoniſhment. Ah bitter, Ah wretched Drink! worſe then

then the fouleſt Ditch-water! Drink my deareſt Lord, *Drink of the Brook by the way.* Drink of theſe Tears, Drink of this Holy Water, I do ſhed. O it is the Sweat of a grieved Soul; of a Soul weary of Sin, and heavy laden with the ſenſe of it. My Heart melts, my Soul diſſolves at the thoughts of my follies. Drink up this Heart of mine, and let it mingle with thy bowels of Mercy. Here Lord! accept of the Vows I offer thee! Behold, and viſit this Vine, which thine own right hath planted. Shine upon it Lord, let it bring forth pleaſant Grapes, no more Grapes of the Vine of *Sodom*, but Grapes ſweet, and which may cheer the Heart of God, and Man.

The Drink-offerings I bring to thee, are inſatiable deſires after thee, the moſt fervent breathings of my Heart, after thy Grace and Mercy. O receive them Graciouſly, and love me freely. I bring no Rivers of Oyl, no Rams, no Bullocks with Horns and Hoofs. Thou deſireſt not Sacrifice, elſe would I give it thee; thou delighteſt not in Burnt-

Burnt-offerings! Thou wilt take no Bullock out of my Houſe, nor He-Goats out of my Folds; for every Beaſt of the Foreſt is thine, and ſo is the Cattle upon a thouſand Hills. Thou knoweſt all the Fowls of the Mountains, and the wild Beaſts of the Field are thine: if thou wert Hungry thou wouldſt not tell me, for the World is thine, and the fulneſs thereof. Thou wilt not eat the fleſh of Bulls, nor drink the blood of Goats; but the offerings thou expecteſt, are Thanksgivings, and paying my humble Vows to thy Divine Majeſty, and calling upon thee in the day of trouble. O my God! my Soul fainteth for thee! when ſhall I come to appear before thee! My Soul is caſt down within me! When wilt thou comfort me! I long for thy Salvation! I hunger and thirſt after Righteouſneſs; I ſee Beauty, and ſplendor, and excellency in it, and would fain be cloathed with that Ornament! Thou deſerveſt my ſtrongeſt deſires, my moſt vigorous Breathings, my moſt

moſt lively Pantings after thee! not to long after thee, is to be a ſtranger to real Bliſs; not to follow hard after thee, is to be ignorant of thy Riches, and the plenty of thy Houſe! But what do I talk of deſires of a ſingle Heart? would to God, that all Mankind might offer unto thee their reaſonable ſervice; thou deſerveſt it, and deſerveſt all the love of Angels too. But thou deſireſt nothing ſo much, as the Hearts of the Children of Men The Angels are happy already, only Mankind lies ingulfed in miſery; and ſo great is thy Charity, that having taken their Nature upon thee, thou wouldſt willingly make them equal with Angels.

Great Darling of the Holy Trinity! What haſte doſt thou make to dye?

How doſt thou run to redeem the Sons of Men! Nothing can hold thee, nothing can reſtrain thee, not thine own Greatneſs, not thy Majeſty, not thy being the Son of God, not love to thine own preſervation. Thou didſt love me better then thy ſelf. How

didſt

didſt thou fly to my deliverance! How doſt thou leap in to prevent my hurt! No Divels can fright thee, no danger terrify thee, no pain diſcourage thee, no anguiſh make thee afraid. Thou longeſt till the great Work be done. The other Malefactors that are crucified with thee (What honour had theſe wretches, and yet were not ſenſible of it! One at laſt opens his Eyes, and ſees it, and ſtands amazed) theſe held out longer on the Gibbet, but thou bidſt Death come away, and ſeize thy Life! 'It's a pleaſure to thee to die. Oh ſurprizing Mercy! Other Men ſeek to eſcape Death as long as they can; they run away from the ſight of the Monſter, if they do but ſee the ſhadow of it, they tremble and to them, Death is truly a King of Terrors. Thou goeſt out to meet it, as that, which muſt put an end to thy ſufferings, and my miſery. It's death to thee not to die. Thou chideſt it for ſtaying; Thou haſt a Baptiſm to be Baptized with, and Oh what wouldſt thou that it were accompliſh'd! Ah! My Lord, I ſee

thy

thy dying Lips, from which dropt Speeches ſweeter then Honey, and the Honey-comb. Death is going to cloſe them up, yet O vouchſafe me a look that may refreſh my Soul. And now the Glory is departed from *Iſrael*. The Saviour of the World gives up the Ghoſt! O let me die with thee! O draw me after thee, and I ſhall live. I wonder not that the Graves open at thy death, and the Rocks rend, and the Sun hides his Face; but I wonder the whole Earth did not diſſolve, and nature it ſelf did not run into its primitive chaos, and confuſion.

O my crucified Maſter! How ill art thou rewarded for thy kindneſs? Thou wert Eyes to the blind, and Feet to the lame; Thou wert a Father to the Poor, and a Staff to the Aged. Thou didſt cauſe the Widows Heart to ſing for joy. Thou didſt deliver the Poor, that cryed the Fatherleſs, and him, that had no helper. Unto thee Men gave ear, and waited, and kept ſilence at thy Counſel; after thy words they

ſpake

ſpake not again, and thy Speech dropt upon them: the naked deck'd themſelves with the Wooll of thy Sheep, and thy Door was open to the weary Traveller. But now they that are younger then thou, have thee in deriſion, and they that were Children of Fools, Children of baſe Men, Men viler then the Earth, gape upon thee. Thou art their Song, and art become their By-word; They abhorr thee, and flee far from thee, and ſpare not to ſpit in thy Face. They marr thy Path, they ſet forward thy Calamity. Terrours are turned upon thee, they purſue thy Soul as the Wind, and thy welfare paſſes away as a Cloud.

O infinite Patience! Yet theſe Sinners are offered Salvation by him, whom they abuſed thus. Salvation? What do I hear? O then there is hopes for me, for I have been one of thy enemies. I have mock'd thee by by my Sins! I have derided thy ſufferings by my contempt of thy Laws; I have ſcorned thee by preferring mine

mine own Will before thine; I have spit upon thee by my filthy communications; I have abused thee by sheltring my Sins under thy Cross; I have dishonoured thee by my Life, disgraced thee by my carelesness, buffeted thee by my impatience, affronted thee by my pride, made light of thy Power and Goodness by my mistrust of thy Providence; undervalued thy Love, by my affection to vanity, and yet thou stretchest forth thine arm to lay hold on me, art loath to see me perish, unwilling to see me undone, and proclaimest mercy to a forlorn wretch! Blessed news! O King of Kings thou cryest, *It is fulfilled*; The work is done, the vast work of redemption; Now thy Fathers anger is broke, now the Floodgates of indignation are shut; Now Heaven stands open; Now thy Fathers bosom is held out to all that thirst after thee.

Hear this all ye prisoners! listen to this message ye guilty Souls! Come all that are laden with a sense of sin! Open the door! Throw off your

Chains! Run to this Rock! Make haſte to this Fountain! Kiſs this Sun! Make much of this Light! Embrace this Mercy. Do ye diſpute the thing? Do ye queſtion whether ye ſhall do it or no? Is it poſſible you can ſtand out? Is it poſſible you can demur upon it? Is it poſſible your Hearts do not turn within you? Can you refuſe your Cordial? neglect the Medicine that muſt recover you? ſlight the Remedy that muſt fetch you to life again? O Jeſu! Thou haſt done all things well; Thou haſt made the Blind to ſee, and the Dumb to ſpeak, and the Deaf to hear. O open thou my Lips and my Mouth ſhall ſhew forth thy Praiſe. Open thou mine Ears, and let me hear thy loving kindneſs betimes in the Morning. O open thou mine Eyes, and I ſhall ſee how Sweet and Gracious thou art. O my Life! thou dieſt, and dying, fulfilleſt thy Fathers Will; for indeed it was fit that one Man ſhould die for the People, and that the whole Nation periſh not. Ah! What would Mankind have done,

if

if thou hadſt not paid the Ranſom! Whether muſt they have fled for refuge, if thou hadſt not given thy ſelf a Sacrifice? They muſt have wandred about in Caves, and Dens, deſtitute, tormented, afflicted, diſconſolate, lived in perpetual fear of death, and the dreadful conſequences of it. Death muſt have been for ever a King of terrours to them, if they had but look'd upon that Hell, that death would have open'd into. How could they but have lived in perpetual horror! There could have been no hope of Mercy, no probability of Bliſs, their Souls would have been in Eternal confuſion, always doubting, always afraid, always upon the Rack. O my Jeſus! Thou, through death haſt deliver'd them, who through fear of Death, were all their life-time ſubject unto bondage! Thou haſt knock'd off their ſhackles! looſed their Bands! freed their Souls! ſet their Spirits at libery! I feel the power of thy death. My Heart takes courage! O let me riſe with thee to Eternal life, O let me not lie in the mire, but

ſet my Feet upon a Rock, and eſtabliſh my goings! I have gone aſtray like a loſt Sheep; O ſeek thy ſervant, that I may not forget thy Commandements

Thou art the Bread which came down from Heaven, and with the Bread in thy Sacred Supper thou offereſt me all the benefits of thy death and paſſion; ſuch a Feaſt haſt thou prepared for me; ſuch a Table haſt thou ſpread for me; my Soul is invited to Sup with the Lamb that was ſlain! What an honour is this! What a condeſcention is it! In this Sacrament thou erecteſt a Banner for me, bidſt me ſit under thy Vine, and ſtrengthen my ſelf with the Fruit that drops from it. Were all the Fiſhes of the Sea, and all the Fowls of the Air, and all the Beaſts of the Field, dreſt for my entertainment, it would not be ſo much, as this plain, but Heavenly Diet is. Tell not me of *Belſhazzer*'s Banquet, nor of *Ahaſhuerus*'s Feaſt, nor of the rich mans curious Diſhes; they are all ſcraps and Offals to this Entertainment! Here my Bleſſed Redeemer courts

courts my Soul; Here he makes love to a miſerable Sinner! Here he preſents me with the Riches of his Merits! No *African* Gold, no *Eaſtern* Pearls, no *Indian* Stones are to be compared with theſe. Here the Lord of Glory offers to marry me, to unite me to him, to make an everlaſting Covenant with me, to be fleſh of his fleſh, and bones of his bones, promiſes to endow me with all his Goods, puts a Ring on my Finger, and bids me lie in his boſom. This is Honour, this is Glory, this is Preferment, which no Royal Courts can give, no *Solomon* can afford, no Emperour Grant, no Monarch Conferr, no King beſtow. This is the mighty Wedding-Feaſt, at which the bleſſed Angels wait how ſhould not they be there, when their Maſter is Preſident, and Director of the Banquet? This puts me in mind of all the admirable things thou haſt done for me; in this Bread are contracted all the Dainties and Delicacies imaginable. O wonderful Love that waſt not content to be known

to me, but art willing to give thy ſelf for Food to me! What pains doſt thou take to melt my ſtubborn Heart! Thou art willing to live in me, Thou art willing to be one with me, that I may not warp from thee. Thou art willing to be my Meat and Drink, not only my King to protect me, not only my Father to tender me, not only my Maſter to take care of me, not only my Saviour to ſnatch me out of the burning Lake, not only my Mediator to ſecure me againſt Heavens vengeance, but my Diet too. Thou ſeeſt my Soul wants Meat proper for her nature: Alas! the World cannot be that Meat! That's a Heterogeneous thing! as well may Angels feed on Hay, or Graſs, as my Soul on things that profit not. That which my Soul muſt feed on, muſt be ſomething Spiritual. Thou O Jeſu! art that Great Spiritual Object, my Soul muſt fix on, nothing elſe will content it; and when my Thoughts contemplate thee, when my Soul Meditates of thy Charity, when my Affections love thee, when my

my Deſires long for thee, When my Will ſubmits to thy eaſie yoak; When all my Faculties delight in thee, when thou appeareſt lovely, and charming, and amiable to my mind, Then, then my Soul hath its proper food, then it's like to live, then it's in a way to thrive, then it proſpers, then it grows, then it gets a cheerful look, then the Angels viſit it; the World perfectly ſoures it; Senſual pleaſures ruine it, carnal ſatisfactions make it meager. Thou O Lord, thou alone canſt make it flouriſh like the Palm-tree, and ſatisfy it with the Rivers of thy Pleaſures.

O my Lord, how ſweet is it to ſuck Honey out of this Rock! Thy Bread ſtrengthens to a miracle, and thy Blood makes Souls Drunk. It is as the Dew of *Hermon*, and as the Dew that deſcends on the Mountains of *Zion*; for there the Lord commanded the Bleſſing, even Life for evermore. O my God, I care not for *Abana*, and *Pharpar* now, nor for the Rivers of *Damaſcus*. I will ſtand under thy Croſs, and open my Mouth;

Mouth. O do thou fill it; while others go to rejoyce in their Corn, and Wine, and Oyl, I will go to the Supper of the Lamb. Here Lord, here is my Heart, ready to receive that Heavenly Food thou offereſt me. Awake thou Eternal Spirit, awake, blow upon my Garden, that the Spices may flow out! O let this *Manna* ſatisfy my taſte, that I may forget the Fleſhpots of *Egypt*. Behold Lord, here I make a vow, that if thou wilt give me this Bread to eat, which endures to everlaſting life, Thou ſhalt be my God, I will ſerve no other Gods but thee. Thou ſhalt command my Heart, my Deſires, and my Affections, and without thee no paſſion ſhall lift up its Hand or Foot in all the land of *Goſhen*, I will ſet thee over all that I have, and all ſhall be at thy diſpoſe.

Chriſt. I feel my Heart warmed with this conſideration. I will now turn aſide and ſee this great ſight, who it is that hangs upon the Croſs, and bleeds for my Sins. Oh! it is the Son of God, he that was in the form of God, and thought

thought it no robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a Servant, and became obedient to the death of the Cross, that I might be made the Righteousness of God through him.

Consc. But is there nothing else to be done by way of preparation for this Blessed Sacrament?

Christ. O Yes! For I must, First, Retire sometimes, and celebrate, and admire the love of God to me in Christ Jesus, in some such reflections as these.

Be astonish'd ye Heavens, stand amazed ye Quires of Angels, at the condescension of my God. I have betray'd him to the *Philistines*, yet he loves the miserable Wretch, and so loves him, that he gives his Son to redeem him.

O God what dost thou see in me? Nothing but misery, nothing but rags, nothing but poverty, and yet thou loveſt me.

I am but Duſt and Aſhes, and will God vouchſafe a Gracious look, to ſo mean an object? O Sovereign Being, Didſt thou ever behold a viler creature then I am! and wilt thou goe out of the common road of Love, and ſpread thy Garments over me, and offer me thy friendſhip?

O Love! which *Cherubim* admire, and *Seraphim* adore! It paſſes underſtanding. It goes beyond my Cognizance; It confounds my Reaſon, I admire the love of a Prince to a Subject, but that will bear no reſemblance to this Love!

God might have triumph'd in my Groans, Glorified his Juſtice by my ſtripes; but pity abounds in him, it hath no Banks, it flows at large, its extended even to the moſt abject Creature, as I am.

O Love! How humble art thou! How violent art thou! Thou breakeſt through all the Clouds of Heaven to come down. Thou forgoeſt the Rules of Greatneſs and Majeſty, to ſhew thy Glory. That the Eternal Son

Son of God ſhould take Fleſh upon him, and dye to give life to the World! Oh where can I parallel this Love!

I will ſing of Love, I will ſpeak of Love, I will think of Love, my very Dreams ſhall be employ'd about it. O that I could write Panegyricks of it! Were not my Tongue confined, it ſhould do nothing elſe but talk of Love.

Here is Love, to which all natural ſympathies muſt vail. I ſee no end thereof. The farther I go in the ſearch, the more I loſe my ſelf. But how ſhould a creature find out the end of that which is infinite?

Where ſhall I find out the ſpring of this mighty ſtream? Where ſhall I find the beginning of it? Alas! The line of Reaſon is too ſhort! There is no fathoming of this depth. Who can ſearch into the receſſes of Eternity? In that vaſt Abyſſe, the head of this great River lies; but who ſhall dive into it? It's enough that I am ſo happy as to be acquainted with it. It's enough that the Almighty hath

revealed

revealed it unto Babes. Even ſo Father it ſeemed good in thy ſight. I can give no reaſon of it. Thy Love Lord, was the cauſe of this Love; thy Love was the motive. Nothing elſe could be any inforcive. I am ſenſible thou art merciful, becauſe thou wilt be merciful.

O thou Eternal Wiſdom, whom the Lord poſſeſſed in the beginning of his way, before his Works of old, who waſt ſet up from everlaſting, from the beginning, or ever the Earth was; when there were no depths thou waſt brought forth, when there were no Fountains abounding with Water, before the Mountains were ſetled; before the Hills waſt thou brought forth, while as yet he had not made the Earth, nor the Fields, nor the higheſt part of the Duſt of the World, who waſt there when he prepared the Heavens, when he ſet a compaſs upon the face of the depth, when he eſtabliſh'd the Clouds above, when he ſtrengthned the deep, when he gave to the Sea his Decree, that the Waters ſhould

ſhould not paſs his Commandement; O thou! who waſt by him, as one brought up with him, who waſt daily his delight, rejoycing always before him, enlighten my Mind, that I may have clearer apprehenſions of this Charity!

Ariſe my Thoughts! Awake up my Glory! See O my Soul how that Love ſmiles upon thee! See how bright, how clear, how charming it is! See how Divels tremble at it! See how they grin, and fret to think, they muſt have no ſhare in it; See what Glorious Beams it darts on penitent ſinners! See how it warms their Hearts! See how it follows them, how loath it is to leave them! See how it adjures them, and how importunate it is with them to ſuffer themſelves to be conquer'd by it.

2. I muſt examine my ſelf, not only what, and where, and when, and how I have (eſpecially of late) been acting againſt God, and affronted his Goodneſs, Mercy, and Patience; and what Sorrow, Grief, and Fear theſe particular

particular offences have cauſed in me; but whether I am unfeignedly reſolved to part with all theſe particular ſins, I am moſt prone, and inclined to; whether my Heart and purpoſe be fix'd to know the Will of God, and to do it; Whether I do ſincerely, and without reſervation, intend for the future to prefer God's Will before my Will, and his Favour before the Favour of Men; and whether I do in good earneſt deſign to forgoe my profit, gain, or intereſt in the World, rather then do any thing, that is diſpleaſing to God; Whether I do truly prize the love of God above all the Riches of this World, and ſee greater Beauty in that Holineſs, to which I am invited by this Love, then in all the gaudes and ſatisfactions of of the World. And if I do, and my Conſcience bears me witneſs of it, I may chearfully go to the Lords Table, and expect the benefits that are offered there.

3.

3. If I have done any ſignal wrong to my Neighbour, I muſt make him either reſtitution or ſatisfaction; I muſt either reſtore to him, what I have cheated or wronged him in, or have ſecretly, and againſt his Will taken away from him; or if I am not able to reſtore, make confeſſion of the fault, and beg his forgiveneſs. I muſt be reconciled to him, if I have offended him, or given him juſt occaſion to be angry; and if after that attempt, he will ſtill keep his anger, I have deliver'd my own Soul.

I muſt let my neighbour know, that I do as truly forgive him, as I hope to be forgiven of Chriſt Jeſus, and be as ready to give, as my neighbour to ask my pardon.

I muſt remember how God hath entailed his Pardon upon mine, and if I forgive not from my Heart, neither will my Heavenly Father forgive my Treſpaſſes. If I have abuſed my neighbour, either in Words or Deeds, and he either hath receiv'd, or is like to receive any prejudice by it, I muſt

no

not be ashamed to acknowledge my error, but prefer a quiet Conscience before my Reputation in the World.

4. I must survey the bitter sufferings of my Blessed Saviour, as they are laid down and described by the Evangelists. I must follow him into the Garden of *Gethsemane*, and go up with him to the Mount of Olives, and there behold how his Heart was troubled, and how the fears of death fell upon him; how his Soul was filled with sorrow, and how his Life drew near unto the Grave. How he trode the Wine-press of Gods anger alone, and humbled himself before his Father. How, as *Man*, he begg'd, that the Cup might pass from him, and yet as *Mediator*, freely consented to his Fathers Will. How distress and anguish came upon him, and in the midst of those miseries, the weary Disciples fell asleep; how he wept and mourned, and sweat drops of Blood; and how Hell open'd her Mouth upon him; how he bore our Griefs, and took the chastisement of our Peace upon

on him. How he drank the bitter Cup, and his Heart within him became as melting Wax. How he was led to *Annas*, and he to whom all the Angels in Heaven bow'd, ſtood before a ſinful Man. How from *Annas* he was dragg'd to *Caiphas*, and like a Lamb led to the ſlaughter. How he was accuſed before *Pontius Pilate*, and there beſpattered with all the ill language that Men or Divels could invent. How he was ſet at nought by *Herod*, and in ſcorn deck'd with a Purple Robe. How from thence he returned to *Pilate*, and thereupon was ſcourged, and crowned with Thorns. How after this he bore his Croſs, and was actually crucified. How he was made to drink Gall and Vinegar, and at laſt, bowed the Head and died.

But then I muſt not only barely ſurvey theſe ſufferings, but reflect at the ſame time upon my ſins that procured them, and accuſe not only my groſſer ſins, if I have been guilty of any, but my leſſer errours of uſing the Son of God ſo barbarouſly; I muſt not

not reflect upon his bloody Sweat, without thinking of my proud Thoughts, and Speeches, and Actions that pulled it on him, nor upon his wounds, without beating my Breast for my Envy and Malice, and revengful desires that caused them; nor upon the Crown of Thorns, without detesting my intemperance, and sinister designs in doing good, and affectation of vain Glory, that set it on his Head; nor on the Nails that tore his Flesh, without taking a view of my pettishness, and peevishness, and impatience, which struck them in; nor upon the Spear that opened his side, without entertaining some dismal Thoughts of my neglect of Meditation, and Prayer, and fervency of Spirit, and Holy Discourses, and bearing of Injuries, and Heavenly Thoughts; nor upon his Tears, without looking stern upon my slight, and superficial performances; for all these help'd towards his Death and Agonies.

5.

5. I must shew my willingness to imitate Christ Jesus, by doing some good Work, if health and strength do give me leave. This must be the first fruits of my future treading in his steps, and will make my coming to the Holy Sacrament more comfortable. I must in this, imitate the Woman that poured out the ointment on Christ's Head, before his sufferings began; and Christ himself, who wash'd his Disciples Feet, before he refresh'd their Souls with the Holy Sacrament. I must either *free some prisoner*, to testify my resentment of the Mercy, *Christ* shewed me, in freeing me from the bondage of the Divel, or *relieve some poor Family*, to express my sense of Christ's relieving my Soul in the greatest strait, or *impart some good Counsel to a wicked and careless neighbour*, to shew how kind Christ was in visiting me with his Admonitions; or *visit some sick persons that are under great distress*; and comfort them, or help them, or give them, or procure them some Physick that may do them good;

if

if they be needy; to ſhew how ſenſible I am of Chriſt's being my Phyſician, or *forgive ſome ſmall Debt*, a poor Man owes me, to ſhew how I rejoyce at Chriſt's forgiving me Ten thouſand Talents; Or *viſit a man that hates me, and behave my ſelf moſt courteouſly to him*, to ſee whether his Heart will melt, and come to a better temper, thereby to expreſs my ſenſe of Chriſt's Love to me, that have been his Enemy; or *give a good Book to one that hath no Money to buy one*; to ſhew my ſenſe of Chriſt's feeding me with the word of Life; or *deny my ſelf in a lawful Recreation*, or lawful Ornament, or lawful Meal, to ſhew, I am ſenſible how Chriſt hath denied himſelf for my ſake; or *pray earneſtly for the converſion, of a perſon I have no acquaintance with*, and whom I hear to be very vitious to expreſs my ſenſe of Chriſt's care of my Salvation.

6. I muſt frequently pray, that God would give me a Heart to breathe and pant after him, and particularly, a Heart to eſteem and prize his Love manifeſted,

manifeſted in this Sacrament, above all the pleaſures of this World; that he would give me a Faith active and vigorous, and which may preſs through all impediments, and purify my Heart and Life, and forget what is behind it; That he would give me a contrite Spirit, and Grace to tremble at his Word, and threatnings; that he would give me courage to undervalue, and deſpiſe the World, and the Glories and Vanities of it; that he would give me a burning Zeal to his Glory, a tranſcendent love to his Name, and Ways, and Ordinances; that he would make me ſincere in Devotion, in Prayer, and in all good Works, and baniſh from me all ſiniſter and worldly ends, and deſigns in Holy performances; that he would give me a firm reſolution to imitate the Saints of old, and the beſt examples at this day, and to ſtop my ears againſt all the ſuggeſtions of Fleſh and Blood to the contrary; that he would give me a Mind which may delight in contemplating the Divine Goodneſs, and Perfection, and

and would teach me the great Art of Self-reſignation, of truſting him with my Soul and Body, and of relying intirely upon his providence.

7. I muſt reſolve, and unfeignedly upon my bended knees, or in a very ſolemn manner reſolve to watch and ſtrive for the future againſt thoſe particular ſins and errors, and ſinful inclinations I am moſt inclined to; If I have neglected ſuch a Self-denial, to neglect it no more; if I have been guilty of ſuch acts of pride, and envy, and ill nature, to be guilty of them no more; if I have been careleſs and ſlovenly in my Prayers, to be ſo no more; if I have pleaſed my ſelf with vain Thoughts, to pleaſe my ſelf with them no more; if I have delighted in fine Cloaths, to delight in them no more; if I have been falſe to my Vows and Promiſes, to be falſe to them no more; if I have made nothing of ill Names, and ill Language, to dread it like poiſon for the future; I muſt reſolve to mortifie ſuch a habit of ſin with rigors, with being unkind to my fleſh, with Faſting,

Fasting, and with mulcts of Money; if I commit but a single act of the sin, I must resolve to use the proper means to subdue such a corruption; I must resolve to avoid that company where I am, and have been apt to yield to a certain sin; I must resolve to spend my time better, and if I have spent too much of it in Dressing, in Pleasure, in Carding, and Dice, *&c.* to do so no more, whatever disgrace, dis-respect, or frowns I may meet with from the World, or from mine Acquaintance; and if I have been careless of meditating, and being serious on the Lords day, to make a better improvement of that day. And I must so resolve, as to think my self concerned to fulfil and perform my solemn Resolution, unto which I have call'd God as a witness.

8. I must watch against all things that would discompose, and disorder my mind, put me into a rage or passion, and make me peevish and discontented, and consequently unfit for the worthy receiving of this Sacrament: I must labour to preserve a calmness,

and

and ſerenity of Mind; and that neither multitude of worldly buſineſs do diſtract me, nor injuries paſt and gone, diſcompoſe me, or put me into impatient Thoughts, and expreſſions, nor preſent diſappointments rob me of my quiet? I muſt watch againſt impediments, that would tempt me to delay my coming to this Table, and take heed I do not yield to Temptations, that would make me neglect the opportunity, put into my hand, of making Peace with God, and mine own Conſcience. I muſt reject ſuggeſtions of this nature, and regard more, the neceſſary concerns of my Soul, then things, that at the beſt are but ſenſual ſatisfactions.

Conſc. And what muſt thy Thoughts be, and what frame muſt thy heart be in when thou comeſt to the Holy Table of the Lord?

Chriſt. I muſt,

1. Employ my Soul in Holy ejaculations, ſuch as theſe.

O

O who will give me to drink of the Water of the Well of *Bethlehem*! Wherewith ſhall I come before the Lord! How ſhall I bow my ſelf before the moſt high! Shall I come before him with Burnt-offerings, with Calves of a year old?

O my Lord! Thou haſt ſhew'd me what is good, and what doſt thou require of me, but to do juſtly, to ſhew mercy, and to walk humbly with my God! O my God, I bring an humble Heart, a Soul that deſires to lye low before thee; a Soul that longs to be clean, and to be waſhed in the blood of the Lamb; a Soul weary of Sin, that ſees no comfort, no ſatisfaction, no content in things below, but behold's afar off, the treaſures of Conſolation, that lye hid in Chriſt Jeſus!

Theſe are things to be deſired. Theſe are Mercies worth having. Theſe enrich banckrupt Souls, with theſe Pardon is purchaſed, and Heaven is procured. O give me a Title to them, Thou that art the true Morning Star! O ſhine upon me! O enlighten me!

O enlighten me! O let me feel thy comfortable beams! Theſe burn not, Theſe ſcorch not, but ſanctify, and poliſh, and adorn.

I have ſeen an end of all perfection, but thy Merits are exceeding broad. They enlarge Heaven, ſubue Death, conquer Hell, expel Divels, and make God my friend.

How have I doted on the vanities of this World! They are bubbles all; but thou ſweet Jeſu art perfect Beauty, a fountain of Joy, which never wants Water, never dries up, never fails, and never dies.

How much better is it to be here in the Courts of the Lord, then in the Tents of the proudeſt Monarchs! one day here is better then a thouſand elſewhere.

Here God bows to poor ſinners. Here infinite Majeſty converſes with Duſt and Aſhes. Here the King of Heaven is not aſhamed to call ſuch poor Worms as we are, Brethren!

How different are the ways of God from the ways of Men! They ſhun a

Lazarus

Lazarus, and a Beggar; God receives them, and the Soul that's ſenſible of her poverty, and begs to be enrich'd, is refreſh'd by him, and invited into his boſom.

How Lovely art thou my Great Redeemer! How Amiable! How Kind! How Beautiful! Therefore do the Virgins love thee.

Could there be greater Love, then to ſpill thy Blood for me! Could there be greater Charity then to dye for me! What miracles of Mercy are theſe!

I come to beg an alms at thine hands; it's too great a gift for me to ask, but not too great for thee to give, for it is thy ſelf I beg.

O warm my Heart! Touch it with a coal from the Altar! O kindle Holy Fire in my Breaſt! Burn up the droſs and Tin there, and let nothing but pure Gold remain. Let Love prevail. O change my Heart into fervent Love, and turn all my faculties into Charity!

2. I must joyn with the Congregation in their Prayers. I must put my Perfumes into that common Censer, that the Holy Smoak may go up with joyned force to the throne of Mercy.

I must not come behind my fellow-members in Zeal, and Earnestness.

They pray for the prosperity of the Universal Church, that God would guide her by his Holy Spirit; so must I.

They pray for all Christian Kings and Princes, that they may promote the Glory of God, and the Churches welfare; so must I.

They pray for the Ministers of God's Holy Word, that they may be found in the Faith, and patterns of Holiness; so must I.

They pray for all distressed Members of Christ, that the Consolations of Christ may abound in them; so must I.

They prostrate themselves in Holy Confessions of their Sins, and pray for Remission and Pardon, and Sanctification; so must I.

They

They pray to be made partakers of the benefits of Christ's Body and Blood; so must I.

3. I must shew my compassion to the Poor, by contributing to their necessities, if I am able.

I must remember how poor, how wretched, how naked, how miserable I was, when the Son of God first took pity on me, being yet in the Loins of my Father *Adam*.

I must consider, that my self at this instant am lying at the pool of *Bethesda*, waiting for the Angel of the Covenant to come down, and stir the Waters that I may be healed.

I must look upon my self as a Person full of Sores and Sickness, and reflect, that I come to be cured for Gods sake, by the Great Physitian of Souls.

From my Self, I must look down on the Poor, that want my help; and as I would have my Great Master have compassion on me, so I must have compassion on my fellow-Servants.

4. I muſt at this time reſiſt all worldly Thoughts, and bid my Oxen, and my Farms, and my Domeſtique Affairs ſtand aloof like Lepers, that muſt not come near a place ſo full of Majeſty, and a Work ſo big with wonders.

I muſt with *Mary* chuſe the better part, and look upon *Martha*'s ſerving as unſeaſonable.

I muſt lay aſide contrivances how to make a bargain with my neighbour, and know no other Covenant, but what I am making with God in the blood of Jeſus.

I muſt not think of my Trade and Trafick, but remember, it is for the Pearl of Price, that I am Trading now, and laying out my ſtrength, and labour.

I muſt not be diſturbed with a deſperate Debt that's owing me, but remember the Debts I owe to God; and how I do expect that at this time they ſhould be ſtruck out, and cancell'd for ever.

I must not now torment my self about a livelyhood, when I come to get a Title to a Life of everlasting Glory.

I must not now think how to get Bread, and make provision for my Family, but rather reflect with joy, what large provision the Almighty makes for my Soul, and what care he takes to make me a Son of God, an Heir of Heaven, and Coheir with Christ.

When sensual Thoughts fly through my Mind at this time, I must continue to say to them, Arise, and Depart, for here shall not be your rest.

5. I must now make some Spiritual reflexions on the breaking of the Bread, and upon pouring out of the Holy Wine.

On the breaking of the Bread.

BEhold O my Soul, thus was thy Bleſſed Saviour's Body broken; Thus was his unſpotted Fleſh torn aſunder. O my Sins, ye did this barbarous act. The Jews were but the External inſtruments, ye were the fatal cauſes of that torture; had it not been for you, the Crown of Thorns had never wounded that Sacred Head.

Break my Heart, Break, it is a diſmal ſight! A broken Heart is Sacrifice, which he that was broke upon the account of thy ſins, will not deſpiſe.

Nay, he will comfort the humble Soul, and the contrite Spirit; he will pour Wine and Oyl into its wounds, ſupple it with Balm, heal it with his Death, and make it whole by his Agonies.

See here, O my Soul, the Bread which is broke, is it not the Communion of the Body of Chriſt; ſee how many broken pieces are here, which all make but one Loaf. So thou, and

and thy fellow-Believers, make one myſtical Body, whereof the Crucified Jeſus is Head, and Governour, who influences the Body by his Spirit, and from his fulneſs diſpences Grace for Grace.

Rejoyce, O my Soul! For now the waves and billows of Gods wrath are laid, The ſtorm of vengeance is huſht, The thunder is gone, The clouds cleer up, thy broken Saviour hath turn'd the ſound of the Trumpet of War into a ſtill ſmall Voice.

O break with him no more! O preſerve that friendſhip which was ſo dearly bought! A friendſhip purchaſed by Blood, ſure muſt never dye. Thou art his Friend, O do not become his Enemy again, for fear he be never friends with thee again.

On the pouring out of the Holy Wine.

THus, O my Soul, thus flow'd the precious Blood of the tormented Jeſus. In ſuch ſtreams it iſſued from his wounded Body. Thus was the coſtly Juyce let out. Thus the rich Veins emptied themſelves of their Treaſure, and all, that thou mightſt ~~mayſt~~ be clean.

And *O Jeruſalem, wilt not thou be clean, When ſhall it once be?* When God makes uſe of his own Blood to purify thee, O my Soul, Wilt thou wallow ſtill in thy Dung, and Naſtineſs? This would be inexcuſable. Ariſe, waſh thy ſelf in this Jordan, and thy Fleſh ſhall come again, like unto the Fleſh of a little Child.

O my Soul! had not this Blood been ſhed, there had been no remiſſion of Sins. From the ſhedding of this Blood, date thy happineſs; when God ſaw this Blood, the tide turned, and thy offended Father looked on thee with a merciful Face.

How

How ſweet is this Blood! it nouriſhes into Eternal Life!

How high the value of it! it redeemed a whole World!

How wholſom! it expels all Sicknesſes.

What pity was it, that the leaſt drop of it ſhould fall upon the ground! It was fit to be receiv'd by the hands of Angels! But the Earth on which ſinful Men walk'd, was defiled, and curſed, and therefore it muſt fall upon it, to take away the Curſe, Man's Sin had made it ſubject to.

O precious Blood! Drop, drop upon my Soul! Let me feel thy Virtue! Drive out the Curſe, Water this barren Ground, that hath brought forth Briars, and Thorns, and let it bring forth pleaſant Fruit again.

6. When I receive the Holy Bread, my Mind muſt vent it ſelf in ſome ſuch breathings as theſe.

Either,

O My Lord, I do remember with Joy and Grief, that thy Body was Crucified

Crucified for me, the meaneſt of thy Servants. I remember it with joy, becauſe thy Love is wonderful. O how vehement, how violent was it to love an Enemy, and by that Love, to charm me into Obedience! I remember it with grief, becauſe my Sins were thy Murtherers. O my Lord, I will ſtand out againſt thy offers of Grace no longer. Here take my Heart. I ſolemnly reſolve to dedicate my Self, and all I have to thy Service.

Or,

O God! this Sacred Bread puts me in mind, how the Lamb of God was offered for me. Do I believe this, and ſhall not my Soul make thee her higheſt, and her chiefeſt good? O my God, I take thee here, not only for my Saviour, but for my King and Maſter too. Come Holy Spirit, rule my Heart, for I will hence forward ſerve no other Gods but the Great *Jehovah* alone, who loved me, and gave himſelf for me.

Or,

Or,

O my Jeſus! My Life! My Joy! My Comfort! Thou diedſt that I might live. I remember it, and adore thy Majeſty in miſery. O make me thine, and as this Bread doth mingle with my Subſtance, ſo let thy Spirit mingle with my Soul, that the ſame Mind may be in me, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus.

Or,

Look upon this Bread, O my Soul, it repreſents the bleeding Body of thy deareſt Lord. Bleed, O my Heart! Give thy ſelf up to him that groaned for thee. It's done, O God, neither Death, nor Life ſhall ſeparate me from the Love of God which is in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord.

7. When I receive the Holy Wine, my thoughts muſt ſtill be at work, and addreſs themſelves to God in Chriſt Jeſus, ſome ſuch way as this.

Either

Either,

O Jeſu, I thankfully remember that thy Blood was ſpilt for me; What am I, and what is my Fathers Houſe, that thou haſt brought me thus far! Thou haſt loved me better than I have done my ſelf. O my Lord, give me thy ſweet, thy tender, thy free, thy humble Spirit, that I may be one with thee, and may admire none in heaven but thee, and deſire nothing on Earth beſides thee.

Or,

O bleſſed Balſom of my wounded Heart! Welcome thou Sovereign Salve! How ſeaſonable is this Medicine! I die if thy Blood relieve me not. O waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than Snow. I have deſerved to drink the Cup of Trembling and Aſtoniſhment, and thou holdeſt out to me the Cup of Salvation. O my Soul, remember who it is that is ſo kind to thee. O eſteem, adore, magnifie, and love him for ever.

Or,

O thou bleſſed Shepherd of my Soul! How ought I to bluſh when I think of thy Blood, which my Sins did ſpill! Thou haſt turned my Darkneſs into Light, and my Treaſon into an Antidote. Thou cureſt me by Contradictions, and the Blood my Sins have drawn from thy fleſh, is become the only refuge, I have in the day of Wrath. O look upon thine own Blood, and hide me in thy Wounds. I know not how to prize thy favour; O do thou teach me to do great things for thee, to deny my ſelf, to take up my Croſs, and to follow thee.

Or,

O my Lord! By thy Tears, and by thy Blood thou adjureſt me this day to imitate thee in thy Graces, in thy Meekneſs, in thy Patience, in thy Humility, in thy Charity, in thy Contempt of the World, and in thy Heavenlymindedneſs. My heart is fixed, O God! my heart is fixed, I will Sing and give Praiſe. Thou ſhalt be my Pattern. Here under thy Croſs I promiſe

miſe Obedience and Conformity to thy Graces. O do thou help me! O aſſiſt me! uphold me with thy free Spirit, ſo ſhall I teach Tranſgreſſors thy Way, and Sinners ſhall be converted unto thee.

Or,

Great Biſhop of my Soul, who haſt left the ninety and nine in the Wilderneſs, and art come to ſeek this ſtraying Sheep; Behold Lord, the Prodigal is coming home again! Thou comeſt towards me Bleeding, Groaning Dying, thou comeſt to receive him that hath forſaken thee, to draw him that hath fled from thee, to kiſs him that did ſcourge thee, to Crown him that did Prick thee, to Embrace him that did Crucifie thee, to revive him that did kill thee, and to Love him that did Hate thee. O ſtupendous Mercy! Henceforward no Vain Glory, no Worldly Pomp, no outward Riches, no Smiles of great Men, no outward Comfort, ſhall have ſo much of my heart as thy ſweet ſelf. O encreaſe my Faith, my Hope, my Love, my Charity;

Charity; make my Soul a Temple of the Holy Ghoſt: O come, come thou Bridegroom of my Soul, come and dwell in me for ever!

Conſc. And is this all that is to be obſerved upon this occaſion?

Chriſt. No. For after I have been made Partaker of theſe Myſteries and Tokens of God's Love, I muſt,

1. Bleſs God for the opportunity I have had of going with the Multitude to the Houſe of God, with the Voice of Joy and Praiſe, with the Multitude which keeps Holy-day.

I muſt Magnifie his Goodneſs, who ſo loved the World as to give his only Begotten Son, to the end that all thoſe that believe in him ſhould not Periſh, but have everlaſting Life.

I muſt ſummon my thoughts to enter into ſome ſuch Meditation as this;

Whence is it that the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords, in whoſe eyes the very Angels are not pure, ſhould come to viſit ſuch a Wretch as I? O my Lord,! to whom doeſt thou ſtoop! What is that Creature that

tho

thou boweſt thus low to? A Den of Thieves, a Habitation of Vipers, a Veſſel of Diſhonour! O how often have I polluted my ſelf, even after thou haſt waſhed me! Is it poſſible that God will dwell in ſuch a polluted Houſe! Is it poſſible that God will come and Feaſt and Sup with ſuch an unprofitable Servant! O my Soul! It is not only poſſible, but thy Lord hath done it to day: Thine eyes have ſeen the mighty Works of thy Redeemer. Thou haſt ſeen him converſe to day with a Wretch, that hath undone what God hath done, hath rendred him evil for good, and hatred for his good-will. Thou haſt ſeen thy Lord this day vouchſafing to ſit with one who is full of Bruiſes and putrifying Sores, and thoſe not bound up, nor mollified with Ointment.

Alaſs! my Lord! I have abuſed the mighty Creator to pleaſe a Murtherer, affronted the great Preſerver of Men to pleaſe a Fiend, and undervalued him that call'd me to Salvation, to pleaſe a uſurping Tyrant. I can give

no

no reaſon why I have offended thee, except it be thy Goodneſs and Patience; and could fair Weather make me angry?

What didſt thou ſee in me, Lord! that ſhould attract thee, and make thee leave the higheſt Heavens to deſcend into an Abyſs of Miſery?

O my Jeſus! water my Soul with the Tears thou haſt ſhed, anoint me with the Myrrhe of thy Grief and Sorrow, tye me by thy Bonds, let thy Scourges ſoften my Heart, let thy Deriſions ſtrengthen me, let thy Croſs raiſe me; Reign over me, do with me what ſeems good to thy Power, Wiſdom, and Goodneſs. O let me never depart from thee; let not the Creature draw me more than the Creator, Vanity more than Eternity, Miſery more than Felicity, Filthineſs more than Beauty, Slavery more than Greatneſs, Bitterneſs more than Sweetneſs. My Beloved is mine, and I am his, he feeds among the Lillies. O that thou wert as my Brother, that ſuck'd the Breaſts of my Mother, I would kiſs thee,

thee, yea, I ſhould not be deſpiſed.

O Lord! all my deſire is before thee, take away from me whatever doth diſpleaſe thee. Give me an humble heart, that I may be content to be counted as Dung for thy ſake: give me an obedient heart, that I may be entirely guided by thee: give me a ſtrong heart, that I may cheerfully bear whatever thy hand lays upon me: give me a tender heart, that I may be kindly affectionate to my Neighbour: give me a free heart, that nothing may hinder me from running to thee: give me a heart of Fleſh, that I may love thee perfectly.

Praiſe ye the Lord, I will praiſe the Lord with my whole heart in the Aſſembly of the Upright, and in the Congregation. The Works of the Lord are great, ſought out of all them that have pleaſure therein: His work is honourable and glorious, and his Righteouſneſs endureth for ever. He hath made his wonderful Works to be remembred. The Lord is gracious and full of Compaſſion, he hath given Meat

to

to them that fear him, he will ever be mindful of his Covenant; he hath ſhewed his People the Power of his Works, that he may give them the Heritage of the Heathen. The Works of his hands are Verity and Judgment; All his Commandments are ſure, they ſtand faſt for ever and ever, and are done in Truth and Uprightneſs. He ſent Redemption unto his People. He hath commanded his Covenant for ever. Holy and Reverend is his Name. He raiſes the Poor out of the Duſt, and lifts the Needy out of the Dunghill, that he may ſet him with Princes, even with the Princes of his People. Praiſe ye the Lord.

2. I muſt pray for the Congregation, and my fellow Chriſtians, that do eat of the ſame Bread, and drink of the ſame Cup with me, that they may all be ſatisfied, as with Marrow and Fatneſs, and their Souls may live.

I muſt beg that none of them may receive the Grace of God in vain, That they may keep and ſtand to the con-

conditions of the Covenant they have made or renew'd with God, That they may indeed fight for the future againſt the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, and be more than Conquerors, through him that loved them, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

My love to Chriſt muſt conſtrain me to wiſh and beg that every Man may love him, elſe he doth not appear truly lovely to me.

I muſt entreat the Father of Mercies to diſpenſe his Spirit abundantly at this time, That the love of Chriſt prevailing, may pull down in my fellow-Receivers all the ſtrong Holds of Iniquity, and all Imaginations which exalt themſelves againſt the Obedience of Chriſt Jeſus, That Chriſt may Reign victoriouſly in every one of them, live in them, act in them, govern them by his Spirit, That they may indeed bring forth the Fruits of the Spirit, Love, Joy, Peace, Goodneſs, Faith, Gentleneſs, Meekneſs, Temperance, *&c.*

I must be importunate with God to make them all Partakers of the Benefits of Christ's Death and Passion, even of that Pardon, and Peace, and Salvation he hath purchased, and cause them to walk worthy of it, like persons that are sensible of the greatness of the Favour and the depth and breadth and length and height of the Love of God, and consequently may be fill'd with all the fullness of God.

3. I must be thankful for the Honor I have received at such a time. I must look upon't as more than ordinary Preferment that God hath vouchsafed me a place at his Table, admitted me into the number of his Children, made me Partaker of the promises of the Gospel, open'd his Bosom to me, received me into favour, assisted me with his Spirit, given me a right to the Tree of Life, and visited me with his Salvation.

Here the Words of *David* may justly be applied, My Soul shall joy in thy strength, O Lord, and in thy Salvation how greatly may I rejoice! Thou hast given

given me my hearts desire, and hast not withholden the request of my Lips; thou hast prevented me with the Blessings of Goodness, thou settest a Crown of Pure Gold on my head. I asked life of thee, and thou gavest it me, even length of days for ever and ever. My glory is great in thy Salvation, Honour and Majesty hast thou laid upon me, for thou hast made me Blessed for ever. Thou hast made me exceeding glad with thy countenance. Therefore will I trust in the Lord, and through the Mercy of the most High I shall not miscarry. Thine hand shall find out all my spiritual Enemies, thy right hand shall find out all those that hate thee. Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength, so will we sing and praise thy Power.

4. I must go home rejoicing, and praising God. Praise is comely for the Upright; the poor Cripple did so when he was Healed, and have not I far greater reason to do so? Behold I am healed at this time from mine Infirmity, and shall not his Praise be continually in my mouth? I

I muſt ſay in my heart, My Soul doth magnifie the Lord, and my Spirit rejoices in God my Salvation. I will extol thee, O God my King, and I will Praiſe thy Name for ever and ever. Every day will I Bleſs thee, and Praiſe thy Name for ever and ever. O all ye that fear the Lord, come and I will tell you what he hath done for my Soul. His Love hath overcome my Corruption, his fervent Charity my Coldneſs, his Goodneſs my Sins and Follies. Except the Lord had been on my ſide, now might I ſay, if the Lord had not been on my ſide, when Temptations and Corruptions roſe up againſt me, then they had ſwallow'd me up quick, when their Wrath was kindled againſt me, then the Waters had overwhelm'd me, the Stream had gone over my Soul: Bleſſed be the Lord, who hath not given me over as a Prey unto their Teeth. My Soul is eſcaped as a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowlers, the Snare is broken, and I am eſcaped. My help is in the Name of the Lord, who made Heaven and Earth.

5. Being made whole, I must for the future take heed, and sin wilfully no more: Having wash'd my Feet, I must not defile them again.

I must stand upon my watch, and shun those occasions, which formerly led me into Sin.

I must be cautious and afraid of an ill Word, as much as of an evil Action, and my very Thoughts must be purged from that filth, that used to cleave to them.

I must strangle an evil suggestion in its birth, and when I find any motion rising in my mind, that looks like Envy, or Pride, or desire of Vain Glory, or greediness after the World, I must check it upon its first appearance.

I must bid an Eternal farewel to Unbelief, and mistrust of Gods Providence, and shun those sinful compliances with Men, which heretofore I was used to be guilty of.

I must not only watch against grosser Sins, and such as Jews and Heathens can avoid, but against the secret disorders and errors of my Heart, which none

none ſees but God, who is over all, Bleſſed for evermore.

6. I muſt frequently compare my Actions and Behaviour with the Vow and Promiſe, and ſolemn Reſolution I have made in the Holy Sacrament, whether my Deportment be agreeable to thoſe Engagements; Whether I ſtand in awe of thoſe Vows and Promiſes; and whether they influence my Thoughts and Words, and Practices; Whether my hatred of Sin increaſes, and my love to Holineſs grows ſteady, and unmoveable; Whether I check my ſelf, upon feeling an inclination, or propenſity to a ſinful act with ſuch Thoughts as theſe. Is this the effect of my late Vow? Is this to ſtand to the Covenant, I lately made with God? Is it poſſible, I can be ſo perfidious as to break with God? Hath the Croſs of Chriſt ſo little power with me? Shall it not reſtrain me from ſuch a ſin as this? Fooliſh Creature! ſhall a little profit or pleaſure tempt me to pleaſe the Divel, and wrong my immortal Soul? I am tied by a ſolemn

promiſe made in a moſt ſolemn place, by a promiſe made to God, by a promiſe Sealed with the Blood of Jeſus, not to do it; and ſhall I preſume to do it, or hope for pardon, after this preſumption?

I muſt take notice, Whether the Thoughts of Chriſts death, make my paſſions weak; Whether they leſſen the heat of them; Whether they repreſs their fierceneſs; Whether they work in me that contempt of the World, which was ſo ſignal in my dear Lord and Maſter.

I muſt ever and anon look how my Graces thrive, Whether no weeds grow among them, that are like to choak the wholſome Herbs.

7. I muſt now ſtudy Self-denial, even in things lawful, and that ſeem to have no harm in them. Self-denial in Eating and Drinking, in my Cloaths, in my Recreations, in my Time, in my Diſcourſes, in my Wit, in my Reading, in my Profit, in my Eaſe, and in my Sleep.

I must now take heed, I do not Eat and Drink to satiety, but labour still to rise from my Meals with an Appetite.

I must now and then humble my Soul with a Religious Fast, and many times forbear eating of that Dish, I have most mind to, to bring my sensual Desires into order.

I must not imitate every vain fashion, I see other people use, but must be very modest and decent in my garb; and having means and opportunities to buy me better, reserve that Money, I would have laid out upon a richer Suit, for Pious uses.

I must not think every recreation lawful, because it's commonly used by Men, who are none of the worst. I must not encourage the vanity of Men and Women, that are in love with Stage-Plays by my example, as being things, I abjured in my Baptisme, but my recreation must be such, as may fit me for Spiritual Devotions.

I must not spend my time as some luxurious, and idle People do, in needless, and complemental Visits, in playing at Cards and Dice, but in Words, and Actions, and Discourses, as may be useful and profitable: either to the Souls or Bodies of my Family, and my Neighbours.

I must not censure, or judge my Neighbour rashly in my Speeches and Discourses, and not be easily drawn to give a Verdict or Judgment of People, except it be in their Praise and Commendation, if they do deserve it.

I must not give my self too great liberty in jesting, but forbear blurting out a witty Saying, if it be smutty or abusive of my neighbours Credit, and Reputation.

I must not give my self to reading of Romances, and such Books as serve to render the Mind vain, and the Affections loose and regardless of Spiritual things.

I must express my gratitude to God, for the Temporal Gain and Profit his Hand

Hand ſends me, by conſecrating ſome part of it to good uſes; nor muſt I be fond of that Profit which ariſes from undermining my neighbour.

I muſt not ſtudy the eaſe of my Fleſh much, but take opportunities to uſe it to ſome hardſhips, that it may become more obedient to my Reaſon.

I muſt not ſtay at my ſport ſo long as my ſenſual deſires crave, but uſe only ſo much of it, as may render me ſerviceable to God and Man.

Conſc. And doſt thou verily believe that this is the way to Eternal Life?

Chriſt. Yes certainly, for this is the way, that the Primitive Believers walked in. They did not think that Heaven was to be gained at a cheaper rate, and why ſhould I? Thus did the Apoſtles, thus did their Followers, and without ſuch Self-denial, they thought there was no arriving to Happineſs. Beſides, this is moſt agreeable to the Precepts of the Goſpel; and why ſhould I think, that I may be Saved another way, then God himſelf hath appointed.

Conſc.

Conſc. If thou art perſwaded that this is the way, Lord! Why doſt not thou ſet about it? Why art thou ſo loth to come to it? Why doſt thou act ſo contrary to it, when every moment thou art in danger of death, and upon thy death, there depends Eternity?

Chriſt. O this baſe, this wicked World hinders me, the ill examples of my careleſs Neighbours, care of getting a livelyhood, the many croſſes and diſappointments I meet with, hopes of having more time hereafter; the company I converſe with, the people I have to deal with, fear of Want, and the Calling and Condition I am in, are ſuch impediments, I know not how to ſhake off?

Conſc. Is it not poſſible to live in the World, and to keep thy ſelf unſpotted from it? If it be not, live a Beggar rather, live deſpiſed, live contemptible, live diſ-regarded by all Men, rather then not enter into theſe everlaſting Joys! Shall a pleaſant ſinful Life hinder thee from the everlaſting

ing enjoyment of God! Shall the fawnings, or applauſes of Men, hinder thee from the Eternal applauſe of Angels! Think, if thou wert ſtanding at the great Tribunal, trembling at the Eternal horror thou art condemned too; Think whether thou wouldſt not wiſh, that thou hadſt lived in Caves and Holes, poor, deſtitute, afflicted, for a few years rather, then have come to this miſerable end? Why ſhould the examples of thy careleſs neighbors move thee, when thou knoweſt there are but few that will be ſaved? Canſt not thou get a livelyhood, except thou art rich and greedy after the glories of the World? If thou canſt but get Food and Raiment, content thy ſelf; and that moſt certainly thou wilt get, if thou art induſtrious in thy lawful Calling, and dareſt but truſt God. Croſſes, Loſſes, and Diſappointments, are neceſſary for thee to drive thee from Earth to Heaven; and if all this while thou doſt not loſe thy Soul, thou art ſafe enough. Do but look upon thy Soul as worth more then a thou-

ſand Worlds, and none of theſe things will deject thee! Thy hopes of having time to repent hereafter, is a meer cheat, and if thou truſt to that, thou wilt never be ſaved. A Spiritual life is a thing of labour, and pains, and circumſpection, and canſt thou be ſo ſilly as to think, a few careleſs Prayers at laſt will plant it in thee? Alas! Theſe are childiſh reaſonings. The company thou converſeſt withal, if they are thy bane, muſt be ſhaken off, whatever comes on't. There is no dallying in a thing of this conſequence; and if other men will poiſon themſelves, why ſhouldſt thou? Let the People thou dealeſt with, be never ſo bad, tha'ts no example for thee to follow. If they are unreaſonable, why ſhouldſt thou loſe thy Wits, and thy Salvation for their ſakes? If they cheat or abuſe thee, they do themſelves more wrong then thee; nor will thy fuming and fretting at them, convert, or bring them into a better temper. Why ſhouldſt thou be afraid of Want, when thou doeſt not ſee a Bird ſtarve, or die

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for want of Food, and can Want be grievous, when the Author and Captain of thy Salvation was in want, and his followers were so too, and yet did live in Heaven? Either thy Calling is honest, or dishonest; if dishonest, and an inevitable occasion of sinning, away with it, and turn Ploughman, or Servant rather, then live in it. If honest, do not involve thy self in too much business, for that will certainly hinder thee from frequent Prayer and Meditation: and looking after the concerns of thy Soul; and as for necessaries, thy God will not suffer thee to want them.

Lift up thine Eyes, look upon this World. The greatest part of the Men thou seest, will certainly be Eternally miserable. Why shouldst thou venture with them? Doest thou think that howling with them at last will give thee any comfort? There is a prize put in thy hand; Why shouldst thou slight it, and lament thy contempt for ever? Neglect not the present time;

Do

Do not let this opportunity ſlip. Thy God waits for thee. Come in, before the door be ſhut, believe in good earneſt, and nothing will ſeem difficult.

Chriſt. I am convinced, I yield, I have nothing to ſay againſt all this. Great God! Help me. Draw me after thee, and I will run. Up, up my lazy, idle, ſleeping Soul! Open thine Eyes, put on Reſolution, waſh away thy filth, ſhake off thy priſon Garments; gird up thy Loins; make haſte, run to God, break the chains of Sin, and preſent thy Heart to the living God. Lift up thine Eyes. Look into Heaven. Liſten with thine Ears, view the Holy Angels, hearken to their Hallelujah's; chaſe away thy darkneſs, cleanſe thy ſelf, become an humble Spouſe of the Lord Jeſus! Feed thy ſelf with his Beauty! Kiſs him with the Lips of Faith; make him thy Darling, receive him into thy boſom; Quench thy Thirſt with his Blood. Hold him faſt. Do not let him goe. Sing his Praiſes, Admire

mire his Love. Meet him by Repentance. Keep him by Holy Fervours. Honour his Name. Dare to ſpeak for him. Be not aſhamed of him. Confeſs him before Men, and he will confeſs thee before his Father, and his Holy Angels.

PRAY-

PRAYERS, AND DEVOTIONS

To be used Before and after Receiving of the Holy Sacrament OF THE *LORDS SUPPER.*

A Confession to be said by way of Preparation.

O Thou Great Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier of Men! When I reflect upon my Life, how contrary to thy Holy, and wholsome Laws, how unlike the Lives of thy Saints; How unworthy of thy

thy Mercies, and Favours it hath been; how can I forbear bluſhing! How can I forbear proſtrating my Self before Thee! How can I forbear falling into the humbleſt poſtures, my Soul, and Body is capable of! How have I abuſed thy Goodneſs! How have I affronted thy Charity! How have I treſpaſſed upon thy Patience! How have I reſiſted thy tender Calls! How haſt thou waited for me while I have been ſtubborn! How haſt thou courted me while I have been vain! How haſt thou carreſs'd me while I have been careleſs! How deep ought my Contrition to be! How profound my Sorrow! How profuſe my Tears! I have mourned for a dead

dead Corps; I have wept for a deceaſed Relation; I have griev'd to ſee the Body of my Friend left without a Soul! Yet have not mourned for God's departing from me, nor wept for the deadneſs of my Heart; nor griev'd to ſee my ſelf depriv'd of thy Grace and Mercy!

O my Lord, I ſee my folly, I perceive I have gone aſtray, I am ſenſible I have diſhonour'd thee! How different do my Sins appear to me now, from what they did before! They look more diſmal, more dreadful, more bloody, then once they did! Now I would mourn, now I would take on for them, now I would deplore them! Oh touch this frozen Heart, that it may melt!

O

O Jeſu! Look upon theſe Eyes of mine, that they may flow with Water! O Behold me from the Croſs, that I may weep bitterly! There is hopes, that if I mourn I ſhall be comforted; If I weep, I ſhall laugh at laſt; If I grieve I ſhall rejoyce. O my God, I long to hear thy joyful voice; *Be of good cheer, thy ſins are forgiven thee*! I long to rejoyce in thee! I long to be Bleſſed with the light of thy Countenance! But the Sun will not ſhine out till after the Rain. O then water this Face of mine, ſpeak the Word, bid the Waters flow, bid penitential ſhowers enrich this barren ground, and I ſhall feel thy warmer beams, thy Love will refreſh

me,

me, thy Preſence will revive me, and my Garments of Heavineſs will be turned into Garments of Praiſe, and Exultation. O my Jeſus! Thou hangeſt naked on the Croſs, that I might be deck'd with thy purple Robes! Thou waſt wounded that I might be healed! O Heal me, and I ſhall be healed! Come deareſt Phyſitian, and thy Servant ſhall be whole.

Behold Lord! Here comes a poor Prodigal quaking and trembling to thy Throne! I come from a far Countrey, from the Land of Darkneſs, from the borders of the burning Lake; from the *frontiers* of Hell. I come miſerable and naked! I come begging, that thou wouldſt put

a Ring upon my Finger, and betroth me unto thy Self in Righteouſneſs, The Mercy is too big for me to ask, but not for thee to grant. I have no merit, I can plead no deſert. Here thou ſeeſt nothing but filthy Rags. O throw thy Mantle over me! I have heard, that thou loveſt to manifeſt thy greateſt power in the greateſt weakneſs, thy greateſt ſtrength, in the greateſt infirmity. I have heard thou loveſt to ſpread thy skirts over thoſe that are deſtitute, and afflicted that are caſt abroad, have no Eye to pity them, and know not where to addreſs themſelves for relief. Thou haſt promiſed to ſuch to open Rivers for them in high places and Fountains in the midſt

midſt of Valleys! When the needy and thirſty ſeek for Water, thou the God of *Iſrael* wilt not forſake them.

O my Lord! If Miſery be a motive to Mercy, here thou ſeeſt it in the higheſt degree! What mighty, what marvellous things haſt thou done for me! Yet have I run away from thee! What haſte have I made to get out of thy ſight! how afraid have I been of ſerving thee! Thou haſt been my greateſt friend, and I have uſed thee like an enemy! How have I ſhunn'd thy Counſels, as if they had been big with Death and Thunder! Ah fooliſh Creature! How have I forſaken thee, the Fountain of living waters! How fond have I been

been of broken Ciſterns! How enamoured with muddy puddles! Ah My Father, how didſt thou pity me! How didſt thou bewail my blindeſs! With what ſorrowful Eyes didſt thou look upon my wilfulneſs! Behold My Lord! I do return. I return, that I may look upon thee, I return that thou mayſt look upon me! I return, Oh do thou rejoyce over me, Oh! Let there be joy in the preſence of thy Holy Angels over this ſinner, who repents! I am troubled, I am exceedingly troubled, that I have made no anſwerable returns to thy Love; that thy Grace hath been beſtowed upon me in vain; that thy Mercy hath been thrown away on ſuch a wretch:

Oh

Oh the baſeneſs! Oh the ingratitude! Oh the diſingenuity, that I have been guilty of! Thou haſt been my greateſt Benefactor! How freely, how lovingly, how candidly haſt thou viſited me! yet I have reſiſted thy Power, deſpiſed thy Wiſdom, undervalued thy Goodneſs! Thou wouldſt have torn down my ſtrong holds of iniquity, and I would not! Thou wouldſt have taught me my Duty to God and Man, and I refuſed it; Thou wouldſt have made me Holy, as thou art Holy, and I ſcorned it. Ungrateful Worm! Do I thus reward the Lord my God! Could I recompence ſuch Mercies with ſuch Sins! Such Favours with ſuch groſs neglects!

thy

thy condeſcenſion with Pride, thy Humiliation with Envy, thy Love with Anger; thy Bounty with ſlight and ſlovenly performances; Thy Bowels with Diſobedience; thy Charity with contempt of my Neighbour; Thy Bleſſings with Revenge; Thy Benefits with averſeneſs from Virtue and Goodneſs; thy Munificence with Vanity; and the ſhowers of thy Grace with earthly-mindedneſs!

Ah! how are my ſins multiplied! How like a heavy burthen, are they become too heavy for me to bear! But Oh my God! Thy Mercy is over all thy Works; Thy Mercy is greater then my Sins! My Sins have taken hold upon me! What ſhall I do?

I am a burthen to my ſelf! I am bow'd down with the weight of my Tranſgreſſions! Whether, O my Lord, ſhould I go, but to thee, who haſt the words of Eternal Life! Thou haſt pity on ſinners, thou converſeſt with them, thou eateſt with them, Receive me Graciouſly, Love me Freely; Think upon thy Mercy, think upon thy Blood, think upon thy Tears; and accept of me! I am ſurrounded with dangers, incompaſſed with Enemies, encircled with Helliſh Monſters, yet in the midſt of theſe preſſures, I hear thee ſaying, *Come to me all ye who are weary and heavy laden.* Shall I hide my ſelf as *Adam* did in Paradiſe! Shall this word fright me away? Shall I refuſe

refuſe to come when thou calleſt in this ſtill voice? No, No, I will confeſs my Tranſgreſſion, and thou wilt forgive the iniquity of my Sin. I will harden my Heart no more; I will turn a deaf Ear to thee no more; I will ſtand out no longer; I will reſiſt thy Light no longer; I will grieve thee no more, I will afflict and vex thy Holy Spirit no more.

O infinite Goodneſs! O wonderful Love! though with the Publican I dare not lift up my Eyes to Heaven; yet with the humble *Magdalen* I will come behind thee weeping, and waſh thy Feet with my Tears, and kiſs them. Oh let me hear the bleſſed news of Pardon from thy

Mouth! Thou cameſt, Lord, thou cameſt not to call the Righteous, but Sinners to repentance; and of theſe I am chief! If thou wilt converſe with Sinners, here is one that wants thy help, and that ſtands in need of thy cure, full of Diſeaſes, full of Sores, full of Weakneſs, full of Errours, full of Infirmities, a prodigy of Frailty. Here Lord! here is work for thy ſtrong Hand, and for thy mighty Arm. In this Heart are Divels that muſt be expelled by thy Power. Stretch forth thy Hand and ſave me. Here is an object to exerciſe thy omnipotent hand upon. My Cure requires Miracles. It's no ordinary Virtue, that will ſet me to Rights again. Thou, Thou O Lord, muſt

muſt come, and ſtrike thy Hand over the ſore place, and my Leproſie will be gone.

Thy Prophet cries by thy order, *Return unto the Lord your God, for he is Gracious and Merciful, ſlow to anger, and repents him of the evil!* I believe Lord! I believe; My Heart is wounded within me. I come, I come. Father, I have ſinn'd againſt Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy Son; make me as one of thy hired Servants. But then I deſire no other hire, no other wages, but thy Self: Thou art my exceeding great reward.

Oh! How bitter a thing is it to forſake thee! What have I got by offending thee! What have

I gained by ſinning againſt thee! Nothing but Shame, and Horror, and Trembling, and Confuſion. Darkneſs hath covered me, the ſhadow of Death hath fallen upon me! What fruit had I then in thoſe things, whereof I am now aſham'd! My Soul hath been diveſted of her innocence, her Joy, her Peace, her Comfort, and her Satisfaction. And Oh my Jeſus, didſt not thou ſtand my friend now; Great Mediator, didſt not thou ſtand in the gap now, and plead for me; O my Redeemer, Didſt not thou intercede for me; I muſt be proſtituted, and expoſed to Eternal laughter and deriſion! Good Lord! How pitiful, how wretched, how trivial, how impertinent

nent, how inconſiderable was that pleaſure, that profit, that thing, for which I did did affront, and diſhonour thee! When I look upon thy Creatures, either above, or below; I wonder how they were able to contain themſelves, and not vindicate their Maſters Honour, which they ſaw abuſed by me; I wonder, they did not not fall upon me and cruſh me into perdition, when they ſaw how bold, how preſumptuous this Caitiff was!

O my Lord! For this my Soul ſhall mourn in ſecret; even for this that I have not loved thee better, that I have not ſought thee, more, that I have not approach'd thee with greater veneration! Henceforward Lord

if all the Pleaſures, all the Riches, all the Honours of this World, were concentred in this ſin, that formerly I lived in, it ſhould be no temptation to me. I would tear the Tyrant out of its ſeat. It ſhould uſurp thy place no more. I would pull it out of its Throne, it ſhould find no harbour in me. Thy Love ſhould conſtrain me to part with it. I will Crucify thee no more. I have trampled too long upon thy Mercy. I will make light of it no more!

O my Jeſus! Remember thy Agonies, remember thy Pain, remember thy Sufferings, remember thy Death, and forget my Sins. Thy Servant *David* cryed once, *I have ſinned*, and thou

thou didſt preſently take away his Sin. My ſighing is not hid from thee. O do not hide thy Face from me! *Manaſſeh* look'd up to thee, and thou hadſt reſpect unto his Prayer. O give ear to my Prayer too, that goes not out of feigned Lips. The *Ninivites* humbled themſelves, and thou waſt intreated. Oh repent thy ſelf of the evil, thou haſt ſaid, thou wouldſt do unto me, and do it not. *Peter* wept, and thou gaveſt him a Gracious Look. I water my couch with my tears; Oh ſmile upon me too, and ſay, *I have redeem'd thee, thou art mine!*

I love thee O Lord, and would have every Creature love thee. I would have all things that

have breath praiſe the Lord. I would have every creature ſhew forth thy Glory! Thou haſt loved me from all Eternity! Was ever ſuch Love heard of, as thine was! To come from the Manſions of the Bleſſed, into a Valley of Tears, to advance ſuch a creature from Death to Life Eternal! Thou haſt made my Death a harmleſs, nay a gainful thing. Thy Croſs hath ſweetned all; there was Death in the pot, but thou threweſt in Meal, and didſt ſweeten all. O blot out the very footſteps of my Sins, and ſet me as a Seal upon thy Heart, ſo will I give thee thanks in the great Congregation, my Lips ſhall praiſe thee.

O

O my Life! I would prefer thee above all thy Creatures! I would look upon all these outward Comforts as a drop in the Bucket, and on Thee, as the Ocean! On these, as the small dust in the Ballance; on Thee, as the Rock of Ages! I would love Thee with all my heart, I would love Thee more then my Self! O that my whole Mind were united to Thee! O that I might know nothing save Jesus Christ, and him Crucified! O that all the powers of my Soul might embrace Thee! O that I might seek thy Glory with stronger desires, then Worldlings do their Wealth, or the Covetous the increase of their In-comes! Oh! that I could adhere unto Thee

inſeparably! O withdraw my Heart from every evil way. Incline my Heart to all Goodneſs. Let not my Affections be henceforth corrupted with the love of the Creature; Let me not be weary of loving Thee! Let nothing overcome my Love! Let nothing damp it! Oh enable me to ſay, *Who ſhall ſeparate me from the love of God*! O draw my Soul with cords of Love, with this Love wound, and pierce my Heart, and make it ſick, that it may inſatiably long for Thee! Oh! I would love Thee without ceaſing, love Thee without bounds, love Thee without meaſure! Oh let my Soul melt with this Fire, and purge away that filth which doth ſo eaſily beſet me!

me! Take away from me all that doth displeaſe Thee; Refine in me all that pleaſes Thee! Be Thou ever preſent with me! Live in me thou Fountain of Life! and let me live in Thee, and let that Charity live in me, which ſuffers long, and is kind, which envies not, which vaunteth not it ſelf, which is not puft up, which doth not behave it ſelf unſeemly, ſeeks not her own, is not eaſily provoked, thinks no evil, rejoyces not in iniquity, but rejoyces in the Truth, bears all things, believes all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord, *Amen.*

A

A Prayer for Faith.

O Thou, from whom every good and perfect Gift deſcends, who giveſt to all Men liberally, and upbraideſt not; Thou calleſt, *Seek ye my Face*; Thy Face, Lord, will I ſeek! Thou haſt ſaid, O Lord, Thy Mouth hath ſpoken it, if ye had but Faith as a grain of Muſtard-ſeed, ye ſhould ſay unto this Mountain, Be thou removed, and caſt into the Sea, and it ſhould obey you. O my Lord! I have Rocks to be diſplaced, Mountains to be removed, vaſt loads to be freed from; Rocks of Unbelief, Mountains of Sin, loads of Iniquity! Oh lend me thy

thy helping Hand. None can give relief, none can ſuccour, none can do me any good, but thy ſelf. How dark, how dull, how doubtful is my Faith! ſometimes it blazes; then it diſappears again, ſometimes it's vigorous, then ſlacks, and grows remiſs again. I believe thee in Sun-ſhine, and faint in a Storm; ſometimes I get a ſight of thy Glory, then I loſe it again. Oh how uneven is my Faith! When thy Candle ſhines over my Head, and I waſh my Feet in Butter, I believe, but where is my Faith in the dark, when the Fig-tree doth not bloſſom, when there is no Fruit in the Vine, when the labour of the Olive doth fail! Oh how it ſinks at ſuch times,

how

how weak it grows! Lord, I believe, help mine unbelief! O thou Sun of Righteouſneſs, thou bright Morning-Star; Thou mighty Star of *Jacob*, ſhine upon me, ſhine upon this dark Soul of mine, preſs in by thy piercing beams, ſcatter the Clouds of my unbelief; Diſpel thoſe miſts, as chaff is driven away by the Wind, ſo drive them away, O thou Holy One of *Iſrael*.

I Believe, but my Faith doth not rouze me from my Spiritual ſlumber; I believe, but my Faith doth not overcome difficulties; I believe, but my Faith doth not put me upon Self-denial; I believe, but my Faith doth not engage me to that cautiouſneſs of offending thee, which is neceſſa-

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ry to Salvation. I believe, but my Faith doth not make me laborious, doth not make me ſtrive, and fight, and work, and enter in at the ſtrait Gate; I do not believe, as if I ſaw. My Faith is not the ſubſtance of things unſeen. I do not repreſent that future Glory to my mind in ſuch lively Characters, as if it were preſent to my ſight. I ſeem to rejoyce in thy Promiſes, but when I am to apply them, what doubts, what ſcruples, what perplexities ariſe in my mind! I believe thou haſt overcome Death, yet how do I tremble at its approaches! I believe thou art preſent with me in affliction, yet how often do I loſe thy Image! I believe my deareſt Lord, that thou

cameſt

cameſt from Heaven to reveal to me thy Fathers Will, yet I do not ſo readily obey it, as I would. I believe, but am too often overcome by a Paſſion, too often by a Temptation, too often by the World!

O my Lord! Give me an active Faith, a working Faith, a vigorous Faith, a lively Faith, an effectual Faith! A Faith which may oblige me to ſhake off all dulneſs, all drouſineſs, all lazineſs, and which may make me awake to Righteouſneſs; Give me a Faith, that may ſurmount all hardſhips, may be afraid of nothing, of no Bear, no Lion in the way; Give me a Faith which may make me bold as a Lion, couragious in Danger, reſolute

in

in the greateſt Trials, and magnanimous under the greateſt burthens; A Faith I want, which may make all that is within me ſtoop to the yoak of Jeſus, which may croſs my Fleſh and Blood, cruicfy my vain Deſires, and daſh mine inordinate Affections. O give me a Faith, which may make me tender of thy Glory, loth to do any thing that may be offenſive to thee, unwilling to diſpleaſe thee, the Author of my Being; Give me a Faith which may oblige me to labour in thy Vineyard, and work out my ſalvation with fear and trembling; A Faith, that may look into Eternity, Survey the Glorious Manſions prepared by the Son of God; live there, and converſe

converſe there, and draw Comforts and Conſolations from that perfection of Glory; A Faith which may live upon thy Promiſes, lay hold on them in deſpite of oppoſition, and claim them as my Heritage for ever; A Faith, which may look Death in the Face, defy its Power, ſupport it ſelf with Chriſts victory, and ſing with Triumph over it; *Oh Death! Where is thy ſting?* A Faith, which may make Affliction eaſy, my Burthen Light, and ſweeten all my Troubles; A Faith, which may purify my Heart, conſtrain me to Obedience, and compel me to a cheerful running at thy Command, and Order; A Faith, which may controul all my Luſts, check my

my inordinate Deſires, bear down all before it, ſet up the Lord Jeſus Sovereign in my Soul, and make every imagination ſubject to him, who muſt Reign, till he hath put all enemies under his Feet.

O Bleſſed Light, which enlightneſt every Man that comes into the World! Direct my ſteps, illuminate my Underſtanding, ſhew me the way I muſt walk in, that no Errour may miſlead me, no falſe Doctrine corrupt me, no Hereſy deceive me, no falſe Fire beguile me; ſtretch forth thy Hand, and hold thou up my Goings in thy path, that I may get ſafe to my Journeys end. I am a Traveller and Pilgrim here, goe thou before me,

and

and I'll follow thee; lead me through this barren Wilderneſs, and leave me not till I enter into *Canaan*: It is not, Lord, of him that Runs, nor of him that Wills, but of thee who ſheweſt Mercy. As Fleſh and Blood could not have revealed theſe things unto me, ſo thou alone muſt enable my Faith to quench all the fiery Darts of the Divel. Ariſe O God, and let thine enemies be ſcattered.

O how am I beholding to thee! What Thanks, what Praiſes do I owe thee, that thou haſt call'd me to the light of thy Goſpel! That thou haſt diſcover'd to me thoſe Errours, which Perſons of other Religions in the world lie involv'd in! That I

have liberty to read thy Word, to peruſe it, and to know the things belonging to my Peace! Thou haſt not dealt ſo with other Perſons, and as for thy judgments, they have not known them. But what will this knowledge profit me, if my practice be not ſutable, or my Belief ſtrong, and firm, and vigorous? I tremble to think, how many thouſands are like to periſh for want of this Faith! Ah! How few do believe in good earneſt! How few believe with any lively Affections! How few act, and live, as if they did believe! O moſt patient God, pity, pity that vaſt multitude of Chriſtian Unbelievers! See how Hell hath open'd her Mouth to ſwallow them

them up! O thou that haſt redeemed them with thy Blood! Why ſhould the enemy run away with thy purchaſe! See how theſe poor creatures wander like Sheep without a Shepherd! O Gather them! O ſeek them, that thou mayſt find them! Undeceive them, let them ſee how far they are from the Kingdom of God! O my Lord, I believe, that thou art, and wilt be a rewarder to them, that diligently ſeek thee! I believe, if any man will do thy Will, he ſhall know of thy Doctrine, whether it be of God or no! I believe, that not the leaſt tittle of thy Word ſhall fail! O encreaſe my Belief! Let not my Faith reſt upon thy Doctrine only, but let it have

have regard to all thy Laws! O let me ſo believe an approaching Eternity, as to be concerned at the Thoughts of of it! O let me not only talk of it, but let my Belief rouze my Affections from their ſlumber.

O my Jeſus! I believe thou waſt crucified for my ſins! How then ſhould I live in ſin! Aſſure me, that if I do, I do but mock thee! How can I believe my ſin odious, while I embrace and cheriſh it! How can I believe, it kill'd thee, while I make much of it! How can I believe it drew Sweats of Blood from thee, while I water it, and keep it warm! Oh! I am weary of this vain Belief! Rid me of it! Deliver me from it! Let

all

all my neighbours ſee, that I believe theſe things indeed! Let the World ſee by my Converſation, that theſe things work upon me! Oh! Let me not only believe theſe great things, but live them over! Come forth my deareſt Lord, and meet me! No Man can come to thee, but he whom thou draweſt to thee! Oh let me touch but the hem of thy Garment, and Iſhall recover! Let me ſo Believe in thee, that it may appear, thou liveſt in me, that I may at laſt obtain the end of my Faith, even the Salvation of my Soul; Great Author, and Finiſher of my Faith, hear me for thy Mercies ſake, *Amen.*

A Prayer for a lively Hope.

O Thou in whom my Fathers hoped! They hoped in thee, and thou didſt deliver them; Thou art all Goodneſs, all Sweetneſs, all Clemency; Who would not hope in thee! Thy Mercies bid me hope, Thy Promiſes bid me hope, and all thy Revelations bid me hope! O thou Hope of *Iſrael*! Here I am, Here I lie proſtrate before thy Face; Here my Soul intends to breath out her deſires! O my Lord! When will that happy day come, that Glorious day which ſhall have no Night, no Clouds, no Darkneſs! Thou haſt ſpoke of it, thy Prophets

have ſeen Viſions of it; Thy Apoſtles have Declared it; One was wrapt up above the Clouds to take a view of it. The Son that came out of thy boſom hath aſſured me of it. It is the bright day, when I ſhall enter inter into thy Joy, be made a Co-heir with Chriſt; be cloathed in White, ſhine as the Stars, look upon thee and not be aſhamed! Thou haſt promiſed it, and ſhall not I hope for it? Oh my Lord, that ſeeſt me, that art preſent with me, and knoweſt my Heart, my Sighs, my Deſires; thou knoweſt I hope for it! Oh let this Hope be lively, let it be a Hope which may purify me, even as God is pure. Nay my very fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope, and thou

thou wilt not ſuffer my Body to ſee everlaſting corruption; Thou wilt raiſe me from the Duſt at laſt; All my Bones ſhall ſay, Lord, Who is like unto thee! I know that my Redeemer lives, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter day upon the Earth; and though after my Skin, Worms deſtroy this Body, yet in my Fleſh ſhall I ſee God, whom I ſhall ſee for my ſelf, and mine Eyes ſhall behold, and not another; and having this Hope, O aſſiſt me, O perſwade me, O prompt me to cleanſe my ſelf from all filthineſs both of Fleſh and Spirit, and to perfect Holineſs in the fear of God

Deck my Soul with Humility with Patience, with Conſtancy,

that no Rods, no Stripes, no Prison, no Torment, no Shipwrack, no perils of Waters, no perils of Robbers, no perils among my own Countrey-men, no perils among Heathens, no perils in the City, no perils in the Wilderness, no perils in the Sea, no perils among false Brethren, no weariness, no painfulness, no Watchings, no Hunger, no Thirst, no Cold, no Nakedness, no Weakness, no Infirmity, no Honour, or Dishonour, no good Report, or evil Report may discourage me from trusting in thee! Though the Lord should kill me, yet let me hope in him. If in this Life only I have Hope in Christ, I am of all Men most miserable. The Lord is my Light and my Salva-

Salvation, whom ſhall I fear? The Lord is the ſtrength of my Life, of whom ſhall I be afraid? Though an Hoſt ſhould encamp againſt me, my heart ſhall not fear, though War ſhould riſe againſt me, in this will I be confident, for in the time of trouble he ſhall hide me in his Pavilion, in the ſecret of his Tabernacle he ſhall hide me, he ſhall ſet me up upon a Rock. Thou art he that took me out of the Womb, thou didſt make me Hope, when I was upon my Mothers Breaſts; O let it not be in the power of Men, or Divels, to ſhake this Hope; Let it be my Anchor, ſure, and ſtedfaſt, which no Waves no Billows, no Storms, no Tempeſts can move.

Whatever evils befall me, let me think they come from a Fathers Hand. Let no prosperity, no Sun-shine, no Calmness, no smiling Fortune subvert this Hope in my Soul. Let me look upon all these outward Comforts, as Vanity, Vanity of Vanities, which can give no Ease, no Comfort, no satisfaction to a Soul of a Spiritual Appetite. Let me thirst after nothing so much, as after thy Love, as after Spiritual Blessings, as after the hidden Manna, as after the white Stone which no man knows, save he, who receives it.

I will not hope in any creature, I will arise, and depart, for here is not my rest. Why art thou cast down, O my Soul, and

and why art thou diſquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I ſhall yet praiſe him, who is the health of my Countenance, and my God. My Soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him; He only is my Rock, and my Salvation, he is my Defence, I ſhall not be moved. In God is my Salvation, and my Glory, the Rock of my Strength, and my Refuge is in God. Truſt in him at all times, ye People, pour out your Hearts before him. Thou haſt been a ſhelter for me, and a ſtrong Tower from the Enemy. From the end of the Earth will I cry unto thee, when my Heart is overwhelm'd! O my God, my Goodneſs extends not to thee; The

Lord is the portion of my Inheritance, and of my Cup, thou maintaineſt my Lot. Who was ever confounded that truſted in thee? Who was ever forſaken that hoped in thee? Who was ever deſpiſed, that in good earneſt called upon thee? All Hail my deareſt Lord, my Hope, I love thee, I embrace thee, I renounce all thoſe leſſer Goods, which are in the World, that I may make thee my higheſt, and my chiefeſt Good.

It's true, Lord, I am a ſinner, and have been a very ungrateful wretch; The leaſt of thy Mercies is more then I have deſerved, My very Righteouſneſſes have been as filthy Rags, but I will not truſt in my Bow, neither is

it

it my Sword that ſhall ſave me, but thy Mercy, O Lord, thy Mercy, and the palmes of thy Hands, on which thou haſt engraven my Name, ſhall be my refuge. I have no merits, no deſerts to truſt to; I can claim nothing as my Right; all I am, and all I have is thy Charity; What Goodneſs there is in me, is entirely owing to thy Grace, and Compaſſion; With this thou crowneſt me, with this thou enricheſt me, with this thou anointeſt my Head, that I may work in thy Vineyard, and receive the Penny at night; I confide not in my Works, I depend not upon my Induſtry, I reſt not in my own Labours, but in thy Blood, in thy Sweat, in thy good pleaſure, O Glorious Son of God!

Curſed is the Man, that truſts in Man, and makes Fleſh his Arm. I will hope in thy Mercy, my Heart ſhall rejoyce in thy Salvation. Evening and Morning, and at Noon will I Pray, and thou wilt hear my voice. Thou haſt ſaid, Ask, and ye ſhall have; Seek, and ye ſhall find, Knock, and it ſhall be open'd to you; Who would not Hope after this? Who would not rely upon thee after ſuch a Promiſe! O let me find Grace in the ſight of my Lord! I deſire nothing elſe; this is the height of my wiſhes; this is it, which engroſſes the faculties of my Soul. Thy Grace is the Jewel I want, the Pearl I ſtand in need of, the Crown my Soul longs for. Thou art my witneſs

O

O Lord, That my Heart thinks ſo; Thou haſt Treaſures of Mercy, Thy Stores are large, and inexhauſtible! Thou bidſt me come, and buy without Money, and without price, and my Soul ſhall live; Thou doſt promiſe me more then Kings can promiſe, and no wonder, for thou art greater, and richer, then all the Kings of the Earth. Thou giveſt Reſt to the weary Soul, and Strength to the Faint; Therefore mine Eyes ſhall be toward thee! O let thine Eyes be open, and thine Ears attent unto the Prayer of thy Servant! Do thou chuſe, and ſanctify this Houſe, that thy Name may be there forever! and let thine Eyes, and thy Heart be here perpetually.

Thy

Thy liberality and bounty is immenſe, and infinite! I cannot but hope in thee! Oh my unbelieving Heart! Couldſt thou but truſt him more, what great things wouldſt thou ſee! His Mercy is upon thee according, as thou hopeſt in him. The more thou hopeſt, the greater is his Mercy!

O my Lord! What ſtupendous Gifts, doſt thou preſent me with! What amazing Offers doſt thou make to my Soul! Thou art not only willing to impart thy Graces to me, but in thy *Supper* giveſt me thy Self! and here thou offereſt to carry me in thy Arms, to be my nurſing Father, and to be Food to my hungry Soul. May it be unto me accord-

according to thy Word! Come Lord! Lodge thou in my Soul, make it thy dwelling place; anoint it with the Oil of Mercy; I will go, and take the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. Thy loving kindneſs ſhall be before mine Eyes, and I will walk in thy Truth; I will not ſit with vain Perſons, neither will I go in with the Diſſemblers; I will waſh mine Hands in innocency, ſo will I compaſs thine Altar, O Lord! That I may publiſh with the voice of Thankſgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works: my Heart ſhall be inditing a good Matter, and I will ſpeak of things touching the King of Saints. Into thy Hands I commit

my

my Spirit, thou haſt redeemed it O Lord God of Truth! O make thy Face to ſhine upon thy Servant, and O let me Hope unto the end, for the Grace that is to be brought unto me, at the Revelation of Jeſus Chriſt, *Amen.*

A Prayer for Love and Charity.

O Thou who haſt ſo loved the World, as to give thine only Son, to the end, that all that Believe in him, ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting Life! What ſhall I do to love thee! What ſhall I do to be united to thee! What ſhall I do to get a place in thy Boſom! If I love thee not, I am undone; If thou doſt not look exceeding lovely in mine Eyes, I am loſt; If my Affections do not fix upon thee, I periſh, I cannot be happy without loving thee! My Soul is deſtitute of her proper Good, if thou be not the object of my delight! I am perfectly miſerable,

miſerable, if thou be not the Center of my Spirit. Love is the greateſt Gift that's given to poor creatures. Love enriches their Souls; Love makes their Faces ſhine; Love muſt brighten their Souls, and make them appear lovely in the Eyes of God! O my Lord! Thou haſt given me faculties to love thee, Underſtanding to contemplate thy Beauty and Mercy, and Perfection, memory to retain the lively apprehenſions of thy Glory, and a Will to prompt my whole Man into ſutable Actions! The more I love thee, the Holier I am! The more I love thee, the more I am with thee! for where I love, there is my Soul! where my Affections are, there

is my Spirit: where my Treasure is, there will my Heart be also Who would look upon a Dunghil that can view a Glorious Palace! Who would hear the screeches of Owls, and Night-Ravens, that can hear melodious Musick! And why should I be taken with the pomp and glory of the World, which in comparison of thee is a meer Dunghil; or with the caresses and praises of mortal Men, which are perfect howlings compared with the harmony, thy Love doth make! Shall I love Honour, and not love thee, who art the Fountain of it! Shall I love Pleasure, and not love thee, in whose Presence there is fulness of Joy! Who can be likened unto thee, O Lord!

Lord! And if nothing can be likened unto thee, I muſt love nothing like thee! And if I juſtly love that which is good, I muſt neceſſarily love thee more then all things in this world, for thou art infinitely better, then all things in this world! There is nothing ſo good, nothing ſo precious, nothing ſo rich, nothing ſo amiable as thou art!

O my Jeſus! How great was thy condeſcenſion! Thou kneweſt I could love nothing ſo well, as what was like me, and in compliance with my temper (for thou kneweſt my frame) thou becameſt like me indeed: The Immortal became Mortal; The Eternal became an Infant. If therefore I love Man, who is naturally

turally like me, how much more am I bound to love thee, who wroughſt a miracle to become Man, that thou mightſt be like me! Love deſires the preſence of its delightful object, and can any thing be more preſent then thou art? Thou art in me, and with me, and without me, thou art preſent in all places, at all times, in all companies; thou art willing to dwell in me, and to make thine abode in me; Thou art content never to depart from me. Thou art ſtrangely bountiful, who would not love thee? Who ever gave greater or larger Gifts, either more in number, or more in quantity, or longer for duration, then thy liberal Hand! from thee every good and perfect

fect Gift comes down; whatever Gifts I receive from thy Creatures, thou ſendeſt them: The Creatures are but the Channels, or the Pipes, through which they are conveyed, and ſhall not I love the Fountain more then the Channel, the Spring more then the Pipe, through which the water runs, and the great Giver more then the Meſſengers that carry it? Thou workeſt in all, thou inclineſt the Hearts of the Bountiful; Thou openeſt their Hands, thou turneſt their Hearts into Charity; Thou ſeaſoneſt their Minds with Thoughts of me, and thou bendeſt their Wills to do me good! And ſhall not I look up from the Creature

to

to the Creator, and give him my deareſt Love!

I will love thee, O Lord! I muſt love thee, for thou art ſweet beyond compariſon, amiable without a parallel, lovely to a miracle! Thou art the true Father of my Soul, thou provideſt for me, thou takeſt care of me, thou art exceeding tender of me, thou beareſt me on thy hands, on thy wings thou carrieſt me, as the Eagle doth her young; nay, thou offereſt me to be thy Brother, thy Siſter, and thy Mother, for he that doth thy Will, ſhall be all this in thy eſteem; He ſhall be as dear to thee, as theſe Relations are to mortal Men! Thou art my Friend indeed! O my Lord, whether

whether doth thy Love carry thee! Thou layeſt aſide thy Glorious Titles, and magnificent Names, and becomeſt my Friend! and never was a truer Friend then thou art, and haſt been to me! No viciſſitude hath changed thee, no revolution hath altered thee, no accident hath eſtranged thy Heart from me, my Unworthineſs doth not turn away thy Affections from me! Though thou dwelleſt on high, yet thou humbleſt thy ſelf to behold the ways of the Children of Men! My Sores do not make thee loath me, my Infirmities do not move thee to caſt me away, my Vileneſs doth not tempt thee to deſpiſe me! Thou loveſt at all times, if I am wounded, thou bindeſt

bindeſt up my wounds; if I am broken, thou healeſt me, if I am grieved, thou refreſheſt me, if I am in danger thou delivereſt me, if under pain, thou giveſt me eaſe, if under trouble, thou comforteſt me; O my Jeſus! Thou art gone up to thy Father, and to my Father, and haſt made us Friends! Thou haſt reconciled him to my Soul! Thou haſt loved me before the foundation of the world! How often haſt thou in Mercy look'd upon me! How often haſt thou pittied me! I was unworthy of thy compaſſion, yet ſeeing me lye in my Blood, thou ſaidſt *Live, in thy Blood Live.*

What ſhall I ſay unto thee, O thou great preſerver of Men?

No

No Words, no Language will reach thy Love, or give a tolerable deſcription of it; yet ſtill this increaſes my obligations to love thee! And what a mercy is it that thou wilt give me leave to love thee! That this Great, this Glorious, this Immenſe, this Incomprehenſible God will vouchſafe to be loved by a Worm; What a favour is it! Prize it, O my Soul! and think thou heareſt every Creature, that's beneficial to thee, calling upon thee to love him! The Sun that ſhines upon thee, calls to thee, I give thee light, that thou mayſt admire the Father of Light; ſo doth the Moon, ſo do the Stars, ſo do all thoſe things, whereby thou art fed, maintained,

ed, cloathed, and preſerved in Health, theſe all call, *We ſerve thee, that thou mayſt ſerve thy God, and do good to thee, that thou mayſt love him, whoſe Hand hath placed us in theſe ſtations.* O my God! Shall I have ſuch monitors to love thee, and be deaf to the Call! How will all theſe riſe in judgment againſt me one day, if I love thee not! How juſtly do I fall a Sacrifice to thy wrath, if under ſuch exhortations I deſpiſe thy Love!

How many Souls have periſh'd, and I am yet alive! How many have been ſtruck dead in their Sins, and I am yet called to pentance! How many do yet walk in darkneſs, and I have the honor to ſee thy marvellous Light!

Thou haſt dealt more kindly by me, then thou haſt done by others! O how am I bound to love thee! I ſee the odiouſneſs of that ſin, which others doat on! I ſee the deformity of thoſe Vices, which others wallow in! I ſee the Beauty of that Virtue, which others ſcorn! I ſee the charms of that Grace, which others laugh at! I taſte of thoſe Comforts, which others continue ignorant of! I ſee the reaſonableneſs of thy Precepts, which others count an intolerable yoak! I have ſome ſenſe of another world, while thouſands live, as if there were none! I ſee the neceſſity of Holineſs, while others make a mock of Sin! What motives are theſe to love thee! Shall

I be afraid, or aſhamed after all this, to love thee! Every Senſe I have, bids me love thee! I cannot ſmell to any thing, but I ſmell the fragrancy of thy Love. I cannot taſte any thing, but I muſt taſte how Sweet, and how Gracious thou art! I cannot look upon any thing, but I muſt ſee thy Goodneſs! The oil of thy Love ſwims upon every Creature, I touch or feel! That Soul deſerves to dye, that doth not love thee! In loving thee, I live! Thy Love is better then Life! My days will have an end, my Life ere long will paſs from me! My Riches, my Glory, my Wealth, my Health, my Liberty, my Eaſe, my Friends, my Acquaintance, they all will

ere long expire; but if I love thee, that will remain with me to Eternity! My love to thee makes me thine, and makes thee mine. By loving thee, I ſhew that I am not mine own: Thou haſt made me for thy ſelf, and if I am not thine, I cannot be mine own; for at that inſtant that I would be mine own, I ceaſe to be thine! Thou art to me all that heart can wiſh, or reaſon can deſire! Thou art my Light, my Pillow, my Reſt, my Sun, my Meat, my Drink, my Glory, my Joy; Thou haſt given me thy Son, and in giving him, haſt given me more then Ten thouſand worlds! And if this be not enough, thou art ready to give me more; Shew me thy Love,

and

and it ſuffices me. Thou haſt wounded me with thy Love! I will follow thee! O let me do thy Will; Let me do that which thou wilt, and not what I will. Deſpiſe me not, forſake me not; O do not go far from me! Draw me after thee, and I ſhall run! Wo is me, that I muſt dwell in *Meſheck*, and have my habitation in the Tents of *Kedar*. O leave me not to my ſelf. I conſecrate both my Soul, and Body, to thee; employ them, O Lord, as it ſhall pleaſe thee beſt!

O forget me not, and let me never forget thee; let me rather die a thouſand deaths, then live without thee! O let me love thee ſo, that I may long to draw others to thy Love! Let me be griev'd

when Men do not keep thy Law. Let it go to my Heart to ſee thee diſhonour'd and affronted! Thou threatneſt me with Eternal Flames, if the flames of thy Love cannot warm me now. I am not worthy to love thee, yet thou art moſt worthy to be loved by me! O let me ſigh, let me pant, let me breath after thee! O my Life, let me live to thee! O my Glory, let me be content to die for thee! O my refuge, let me ever run to thee! O thou Eternal Love, let me be always mindful of thee! Let me embrace thee, let me reſolve not to let thee go, till thou haſt brought me to that place, where I ſhall be for ever united to thee!

With-

Withdraw mine heart from the creature! why ſhould it go aſtray from thee! I am ſenſible what hurt my love to the creature hath done me! It hath alienated my Heart from thee! it hath made thy Word a ſavour of death unto death to me! It hath rendred thy promiſes inſipid to me! It hath made me ſlight thy Service! It hath made thy ways nauſeous, and irkſom to me! It hath made thy Laws tedious to me! It hath made me forget the Life, I am to live for ever. It hath made me weary of thy Love, backward to Self-denial, made me aſhamed of Chriſt, cool'd my Zeal, damp'd my Religious deſires; and ſhall I harbour the viper in my boſom any

more! O throw this enemy out of my Soul. Diſpoſſeſs it of its habitation, expel it by thy power, make it vaniſh by thy Preſence! I beg not Grace to hate any thing that thou haſt made, but thy aſſiſtance, that I may love the Creature leſs then Thee: I would not have this love of the creature engroſs my Soul, I would not have it uſurp Authority in my Heart. I would not have it take place of my love to thy ſweet Self! I would not have it engroſs my Affections! I would have it ſubordinate to thy love. I would have it to be a ſervant to my love to thee! I would not have it rule in me. I would not have it juſtle out thy Love!

I know, my dearest Lord! I must love my neighbour too. I cannot love thee, without I love him with unfeigned Love! I lie, if I say I love thee, whom I have not seen, when I love not my Brother, whom I see, but I would not love Man better then thee! I would not obey him more then thee! I would not comply with him, to displease thee! I would not prefer his smiles or frowns before thy Favour, or thy Indignation; I would love him for thee, and in thee; and O thou that hast loved me so as to die for me, Grant me that Charity, which is a necessary effect of my love to thee!

Thou hast loved my neighbour, as well as my self! My Je-

ſus! Thou haſt died for him, as well as for my ſelf! Though I muſt ſtand amazed at the particular Mercy thou haſt ſhewn to me, yet the light of thy favour hath ſhined upon my fellow-Chriſtians too! O let me love them with a pure heart fervently! Hereby ſhall all Men know, that we are thy Diſciples if we love one another! O my Lord! I am reſolved to be thy Diſciple, and therefore will not only love thoſe that love me, but even thoſe that hate me! O make me tender-hearted, and compaſſionate to my neighbour! Make me ready to forgive, ready to bear with his Infirmities, ready to relieve him, ready to aſſiſt him, ready to ſuccour him: O let

let all clamour, and malice, and hatred, and evil-ſpeaking, and cenſoriouſneſs be put away from me! Rid me of all guile and hypocriſy, and diſhoneſty! Let it be known by my meek, and humble, and charitable temper, that the ſame mind is in me, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus! In vain do I call my ſelf thy Follower, if I tread not in thy ſteps, or do not render good for evil, and ſhew all meekneſs unto all men.

When I am reviled, let me not revile again! Let there not be any root of bitterneſs in me! Baniſh from me baſe ſuſpition! Teach me to put a favourable conſtruction on other mens actions, and to overcome Evil with Good.

Good. Mortify in me, the itch of contradiction! Make me affable, courteous, kind, gentle, and let no provocation soure that disposition in me! Make me patient; and long-suffering, peaceable, and easie to be intreated; Give me a temper as may make me rejoyce in the prosperity of others! Let all Pride, and Envy die in me! Let me delight in works of Mercy, in feeding the Hungry, giving Drink to the Thirsty, cloathing the Naked, visiting the Sick, comforting the Prisoners, counselling the Weak, supporting the Feeble, directing the Erroneous, reproving the Unwary, guiding the Blind, using hospitality to Strangers.

Make

Make me circumspect in my Speeches, that I offend not with my Tongue! Give me presence of Mind upon all occasions, that I may not speak, or act rashly to my neighbours prejudice! O let thy Love be always before me, that I may have compassion on my fellow-servant! O let thy Blood supple my Heart, that it may melt at the sight of its wants, and necessities! O let that Word sound always in mine Ears, That *Though I speak with the Tongue of Angels, and have no Charity, it profits me nothing*! I shall see thy Charity in the *Sacrament* of thy *Supper*! I shall see what thou didst for me, and all the world! I shall see what inconveniencies thou didst endure

to procure our happineſs! I ſhall ſee how thou didſt deny thy ſelf for our ſakes. I ſhall ſee how thou didſt not count thine own Life dear to ſave ours! I ſhall ſee how gentle thou waſt to thy enemies, how thou pray'dſt for them that perſecuted thee; how thou didſt bleſs them that did curſe thee! I ſhall ſee what pains thou tookeſt, what anguiſh thou enduredſt to ſnatch us from damnation.

Oh let that charity prevail with me! O let that Goodneſs produce bowels of Mercy in me, that as much as in me lies, I may keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace! Make me willing to decede from mine own Right, for Concords ſake! O root out

that

that baſe ſelfiſhneſs which makes me ſo careleſs of my neighbours Good. O thou Eternal Truth, thou haſt promiſed to write thy Laws in my Heart! O write this Law of Love there with thine own Blood, and make the Characters ſo laſting, that nothing may blot them out. O let me love my ſelf leſs, that I may love thee and my neighbour more! O let the fire of thy Love put out the impure fire of my Luſts, and Corruptions! O let that Fire purify my Soul from thoſe inordinate paſſions, and deſires, which too often endanger it. Thou art the God that anſwereſt by Fire. Let me feel thy Fire, and the force of it. Let it go through my Soul, and ſcatter heat through

every

every part, that I may be transformed, and changed into Love; Let me love thee vehemently, ardently, superlatively, constantly, and my Neighbour chastely, modestly, purely, sincerely, and inviolably. Whatever thou denyest me, deny me not this Love; Remember thy Word unto thy Servant, in which thou hast caused me to hope; Thou hast said I will give unto him that is a Thirst, of the water of Life freely. O give me this Love, else I faint. O spare me a little that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be seen no more. O thou spirit of Love, blow upon me, and these dry bones shall live. O Jesu! Come and live in me, and if thou, who

art

art Love and Charity it ſelf, live in me, I ſhall love all that thou wouldſt have me love, and be a monument of thy Love, and ſhare in thy everlaſting Love, *Amen.* Let the King of Heaven hear when I call.

A Prayer for imitation of the Holy Life, and example of Jeſus.

O Thou, who art the way, the Truth, and the Life! I know thee who thou art, the Son of the living God! who ſhall lead me into *Edom!* who ſhall bring me into the ſtrong City, into that City, which hath foundations, whoſe Builder and Maker is God. wilt not thou, O Lord, Strong, and Mighty! Hear O my Soul! Thy Redeemer calls; *If any man ſerve me, let him follow me, and where I am, there ſhall alſo my ſervant be.* O my Lord! I had need of a guide in this age, when the world lies in wickedneſs!

neſs! how many ways to ruin do I ſee! How many Nets do I ſee ſpread for me! what a ſnare are even theſe outward Comforts! How do they entice, and draw the Heart away! O Father of Mercy! How many thouſands do I ſee beguiled by the Riches and Pleaſures of this Life! How inſenſible do they grow of that life, they are to live for ever! How forgetful of God! How enamoured with the Gauds and Glories of this World! How does the beauty of their Souls decay, and wither away! And one teaches the other to go to Hell! O my God! what ſhall I do among ſo many enemies! What ſhall I do in all this darkneſs! What ſhall I do among all theſe Precipices!

cipices! Without thy light, I muſt needs be loſt! Riſe, riſe thou glorious morning Star! that I may be able to ſee my way! Thou art the light of the World! He that follows Thee, cannot walk in darkneſs! Why ſhould I be afraid of going aſtray? Thou art my way How can I be deceived! Thou art Goodneſs it ſelf! How can I miſtruſt Thee, when thou haſt ſpilt thy Blood for me! Though naturally thou dwelleſt in a light inacceſſible, yet of inviſible thou becameſt viſible, on purpoſe that I might follow, not the Father of Lies, not *Lucifer*, not that Enemy who transforms himſelf into an Angel of Light, but Thee in whom all the Treaſures

ſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge are. Great Phyſitian of Souls! thou cameſt down to preſcribe me Phyſick, and that I might not be afraid to take it, didſt take it before me, and of God becameſt Man, that I might imitate Thee in the Holineſs of thy Humane Nature!

This is it, O my Lord, that my Soul deſires, even to ſet Thee before mine Eyes, to repreſent Thee in lively colours before my Mind, and to conform to thy great example! O my *Jeſus!* thy Spirit I want, which may change me into thy Image from Glory to Glory, from one degree of Brightneſs to another, and enable me to comprehend with all Saints, what is the depth

depth and bredth, and height, and length of the Love of God, and may be filled with the fulneſs of God!

O my God! My Soul longs to ſay with thy Apoſtle, I live, yet not I, but *Chriſt* lives in me. Once thou didſt create me, after thy Image, but I defaced it, thoſe curious lines I darknen'd, and daſh'd, yet, thou haſt given me hopes to recover that Jewel, and O my Lord! do thou place it in its Throne again; How do I long to have my Mind renew'd, and my Soul transform'd, that I may mind the things of the Spirit with ſincerity and earneſtneſs! Who but a Fool would not tread in thy ſteps, my deareſt Lord! yet ſuch a Fool, ſuch a Sot, ſuch a Beaſt

Beaſt I have been! I have ſeen Thee lighting me to Heaven, and yet have loved Darkneſs better than Light! O thou Eternal Wiſdom! I hate this Folly! I abhor this Stupidity! I will follow the Lamb whether ſoever he goes. Thy Apoſtles follow'd Thee, why ſhould not I? whole Armies of Primitive Beleevers follow'd thee! Why ſhould not I? why ſhould I become behind them? why ſhould I have a leſs eſteem for thee than they had?

My very Name obliges me to follow Thee! What am I a Chriſtian for, if I do not imitate Thee! O let me not blaſpheme that worthy Name whereby I am called! I blaſpheme it if by my vain converſation I give thine Enemies

Enemies occaſion to ſpeak ill of thy Religion. Do I call my ſelf by thy Name, and am loath to tread in thy ſteps! My Heart is ſtubborn! My Will perverſe! O do thou bow it! make me ready, make me willing, make me expedite for this Work. Thou tookeſt up thy Croſs, Oh let me not dream of Beds of Roſes! Thou waſt Subject to thy Parents, Oh make me ſubmiſſive to my Superious! Thou didſt reſiſt Temptations, O let me not be overcome by them! Thou didſt deſpiſe the VVorld, Oh let me not be enamoured with it! Thou wenteſt about doing good, O let me not be backward to works of Charity! Thou didſt deny thy ſelf, O let me not indulge

dulge my vain deſires. Thou didſt work while the day did laſt; Oh let me not harden my Heart in this my day! Thou waſt humble; Oh let the ſame humility take root in my Soul! Thou waſt meek, Oh let this meekneſs be the rule of all my actions! Thou didſt not aim at vain-Glory; Oh let no ſuch pitiful end defile my Soul! Thou didſt bear with the weak; Oh let me be tender-hearted, and gentle too! Thou didſt patiently endure injuries; Oh let me not fret and murmure under them! Thou waſt faithful in all thy Fathers Houſe; Oh let me be ſo in the duties of my Calling, and Relations! Thou didſt receive, and embrace the penitent; Oh let me reioyce over

thoſe who are ſorry for their faults! Thou didſt encourage Goodneſs, and Holy Inclinations; Oh let me cheriſh them, whereſoever I find them! Thou didſt do thy Fathers Will; Oh let me not pretend impediments! Thou didſt good for evil; Oh let me not recompence Sin with Sin! A ſenſe of Gods Goodneſs was Meat and Drink to thee; Oh let it be my Diet too! Thou waſt a pattern of Gravity; Oh let me not be vain and fooliſh in my Converſation! Thou didſt ſpend thy ſelf for the good of Mankind; Oh let me not indulge my Eaſe too much! Thou didſt entirely reſign thy ſelf to thy Fathers pleaſure, under the ſevereſt Trials; Oh teach me this

Art

Art of Self-reſignation too! Thou waſt zealous for the Houſe of God; Oh let not Luke-warmneſs ſpoil my Soul! Thou waſt not taken with the Pomp and Glory of the World; Oh let me not be gull'd with theſe empty ſhews! The frowns and contempt of Men could not make thee weary of being ſtrictly conſcientious; Oh let not theſe pitiful things make me aſhamed of thee, and thy Goſpel!

O my Jeſus! Thy Kingdom muſt ſuffer violence; and whoever enters there, muſt force his way through all impediments; and what if I offer violence to my Luſts and Paſſions for a time, How ſweet will it be to lie encircled in thy Arms one day, and

to hear thee ſay, *Come ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you.* Thou doſt promiſe me, that if I will fight for thee, thou wilt give me to eat of the Tree of Life, and to ſit down with thee in thy Kingdom, at thy Table, and to be a King, and a Prieſt for ever! Do I believe this, and ſcruple fighting the good fight? Do I believe this and am I afraid of the worlds frowns? Do I believe this and am I aſhamed of the ſeverities, thou calleſt me to? Why ſhould I miſtruſt thee, when I ſee thee uſe the ſame mortifications thou biddeſt me chuſe! If a Soldier ſee his King uſe the ſame Pains, Habit, and hard fare, which the meaneſt man in the Army uſes, what

what courage doth it infuſe into him to endure hardſhip, and other difficulties that may attend the various enterprizes he is engaged in!

O my Lord! That very contempt of the World, that Meekneſs and Humility, that ſeverity of Life, that averſion from ſenſual Pleaſures, that enmity to Sin, that hatred of Vanity, that indignation againſt brutiſh Delights, that Sincerity, that Simplicity thou requireſt of me, thou didſt obſerve, and practice, and perform thy ſelf, ſo that thou layſt the ſame burthen on my Shoulders, that lay on thine; and if I die with thee, I ſhall live with thee too; if I ſuffer with thee, I ſhall reign with thee.

Oh then I will not tarry! I will make haſte and conform to thine example! I ſhall not fare worſe, then my King and Maſter did; and as I have born the Image of the Earthy, ſo I ſhall bear the Image of the Heavenly too. I will walk as my Jeſus walked! O my Lord! Make me Holy, as thou art Holy, Perfect as my Father, which is in Heaven is Perfect. O my Lord, there is no other way to Glory, but by thee! Thou being exceeding rich, becameſt poor to enrich my Soul! Thou cameſt not to do thine own Will, but the Will of him that ſent thee! Put thine Arms under me; and I will not do mine own Will. I will follow thee through Fire and Water; I will follow thee

through

through Bryars and Thorns, through good Report and evil Report.

O chace away all ſlaviſh fear from my Soul! Let me not be afraid of difficulties. What can be difficult, where thou art both the guide, and the encourager? Thou canſt not deceive me. Thou canſt not delude me. It muſt be ſo as thou haſt ſaid. All things are poſſible to him that believes. I'll chuſe ſome hardſhip here, ſo I may reſt in thy boſom hereafter. I'll be content to paſs through a dirty way for ſome time, that I may lye down in the green paſtures of thy Mercy for ever. The ſight of thy Croſs in the Holy Sacrament ſhall be my motive. I'll draw Arguments from

that Remembrance of thy death, to die to the world. I will travel with thee, I will ſail through the boiſterous Sea of this Life with thee. And O my Jeſus, let me arrive ſafe at laſt in the Everlaſting Harbour, *Amen, Amen.*

A Thanksgiving after Receiving of the Lords Supper *to be ſaid, either at Church, or at home.*

AND now, what Reward ſhall I render unto Thee, O Holy Bleſſed, and incomprehenſible Trinity, for all the benefits, I have receiv'd at thy hands this day! Awake up my Glory! Awake my outward, and inward Man! I will Sing, and give praiſe! Whence is it, that ſo poor a wretch as I am, is crowned with all this Mercy and loving Kindneſs! O my Soul, thou haſt been water'd this day with the ſtreams that flow from the Paradiſe of God! I that was worthy

of Gods hatred, how have I this day been advanced! What great things hath God done for me! What Honour hath he laid upon me! What Majeſty, What Glory hath he conferr'd upon me!

I feel the Fire of God within me! My Heart grows hot within me! I will Sing, and give Praiſe! Who would not praiſe thee, that hath ſeen thy goings in the Sanctuary, as I have ſeen them this day! Holy Father, thou haſt this day embraced me! Holy Jeſus thou haſt this day poured out Bleſſings upon me! Holy Spirit, thou haſt this day manifeſted thy ſelf unto me; Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hoſts! Thou haſt humbled thy

ſelf

ſelf this day to a dead Dog! O how often have I returned to the vomit! How often have I gone a whoring from thee! Yet behold, the Lord inſtead of the Bread of affliction, hath given me the Bread, which came down from Heaven; inſtead of the cup of Trembling, hath given me the cup of Salvation! I will remember thy Name, O Lord! I will ſpeak of thy wondrous works.

O my Lord! I ſee thy hand is not ſhortned, neither is thy ſtrength abated! Thou that hadſt mercy on the vileſt ſinners formerly, extendeſt thy gooodneſs to ſuch miſerable creatures ſtill! I have drawn Water this day from the Well of Salvation, even from thy wounds, O crucified

Redeemer

Redeemer! Thou haſt look'd upon this Prodigal this day; thou haſt run, and fall'n on my Neck, and kiſſed my polluted Soul. Oh Honour! Oh Dignity! Oh Compaſſion! Oh Charity! Oh Love! Oh Mercy! Oh Goodneſs! which the Redeemed of the Lord muſt ſpeak of! Even they whom he hath Redeemed from the hand of the Enemy, and gathered them out of the Lands from the *Eaſt*, and from the *Weſt*, from the *North*, and from the *South*; they wandred in the wilderneſs, in a ſolitary way, they found no City to dwell in, Hungry and Thirſty, their Soul fainted in them; then they cryed unto the Lord in their trouble, and he deliver'd them out of their diſtreſſes, and he led them forth

by

by the right way, that they might go to a City of Habitation! O that Men would praiſe the Lord for his Goodneſs, and for his wonderful Works to the Children of Men!

Open to me the Gates of Righteouſneſs, I will go into them, and I will praiſe the Lord. This is the Gate of the Lord, into which the Righteous ſhall enter, I will praiſe Thee for thou haſt heard me, and art become my Salvation. The Stone which the Builders refuſed is become the head Stone of the Corner! This is the Lords doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. If I forget Thee O my *Jeſus*! let my Tongue cleave to the roof of my Mouth! Thou haſt

haſt regarded my Tears, thou haſt taken notice of my Supplication! Thou haſt given me my Hearts deſire, thou haſt not withheld from me the requeſts of my Lips. Thou haſt given me leave to come to thine Altar this day, and to lift up mine hands towards thy Holy Oracle! Thou haſt fed my Soul this day with Royal Dainties, with Peace and Pardon, with a right to thy Promiſes, and offers of Eternal Life, with aſſiſtances of thy Holy Spirit, and the Riches of Grace and Mercy. This is the Food, which the Holy Bread and Wine have repreſented to me this Day, and with this Food thou haſt bleſſed my Soul. In this Food will I glory, of this will I make my boaſt.

boaſt. This is Food for Immortal Spirits! This preſerves Souls through the power of God unto Salvation! This is bread which fades not away, this is Wine which may be had without Money, and without Price.

O my God! thou requireſt no Price, but a wounded Heart! No Gold, no Silver, no Jewel, but an obedient Soul! I bring it, I offer it. I beg thou wouldſt be pleaſed to accept of it! Thou deſerveſt it; thou may'ſt challenge it: it's thine, thou gaveſt it me, thy Spirit made it willing. Thy Grace did melt it. Thy Fire burnt away the Droſs. Thy Goodneſs purified it, and thou wilt cleanſe it more and more.

All

All the Good I have is thine! from Thee it flows! from Thee it ſprings! Thou conveyeſt it to my Soul. Thou openeſt mine Ears. Thou awakeneſt me, every good thought I have is thine; every good inclination, every good reſolution, every good intention is thine; Thou influenceſt every good action I perform. My praiſe ſhall be of Thee in the great Congregation; I will declare thy Faithfulneſs and Salvation.

O how good is God to *Iſrael*, even to them, that are of a clean Heart! O make me clean, that I may feel thy Goodneſs! Thou art my Phiſitian, I am thy Patient

ent, thou art my Father, I am thy Son, thou art my Maſter, I am thy Servant, thou art my Teacher, I am thy Diſciple; Thy Spirit is Good, O lead me in the way Everlaſting!

God forbid, that I ſhould glory in any thing, ſave in the Croſs of Chriſt, and him Crucified. O that the World were Crucified to me, and I unto the World! I will rejoice in thy love, my Deareſt Lord! I have ſeen thy Power, Wiſdom and Goodneſs! I ſee what pains thou takeſt with my Soul, to make it happy, to drive away the night of ignorance from it, and to make me know, there is no true bliſs,

no

no true comfort, but in Thee! Thou teacheſt me to overcome my Spiritual Enemies; Bleſſed be the Lord my ſtrength, which teaches my hands to War, and my Fingers to fight, my Goodneſs, and my Fortreſs, my high Tower and my Deliverer, my Shield, and in whom I truſt! Thou preventeſt me with thy Grace; Thou giveſt me the earneſt of Eternal Glory, by thy Spirit I am ſealed unto the day of Redemption! Thou art my paſt, my preſent, and my future good! *Let the People praiſe thee, O God, Let all the People praiſe thee!* O that all Men might know and love Thee! O that all Mankind might feel thy Power, and Glory! O thou who art the chiefeſt among

among Ten thouſand, the Upright love Thee; and among theſe, I the unworthieſt of thy Servants preſume to love thy Name! Thou haſt made me to walk upon mine high places, and in the bitterneſs of my Soul haſt refreſh'd my Spirit; Thou haſt pardoned I hope all my Sins, and blotted out mine Iniquities as a thick Cloud. I expect thou ſhouldſt forgive me much, and therefore ſure I muſt love Thee much! Thou haſt born my Grief, and carried my Sorrows, thy Torments have given me eaſe, thy Reproaches have procured my Glory, and thy Miſery is the cauſe of all my happineſs.

There-

Therefore I will put on the Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*! Thou ſhalt be my Garment, my Crown, my Diadem. I will ſing unto thee as long as I live. I will ſing praiſe unto my God, while I have my being. My Meditation of Thee ſhall be ſweet; I will be glad in the Lord! O my Lord! I rejoice to hear that every knee bows unto Thee! I would have all the World fall down before Thee, and worſhip Thee! I rejoice in all the good things, that thou poſſeſſeſt, not that I expect thou ſhouldſt make me Partaker of all, but becauſe they are in Thee, and they are thine, and thou doſt diſpenſe them to thy Creatures according to thy pleaſure

I rejoice, O Lord in all the glorious Gifts thou haſt conferred on the Head of the Church, The Man *Chriſt Jeſus.* I rejoice in all the Mercies, thou haſt beſtowed on the bleſſed Angels, in that Purity and Innocence, in that Brightneſs and Splendor, in that Bliſs and Felicity, they are crown'd withal, in their care of thy People, in their Miniſterial Offices to thoſe that ſhall be Heirs of Salvation. I rejoice in all the Graces, Thou haſt diſpenſed to thy Holy Apoſtles, in their Miraculous healing of the Sick, in their Powerful Preaching, whereby the World was converted, in their Knowledge, and Illumination, in their Zeal and Fervour, in their Patience, and Humility

mility in their Watchfulneſs and heavenly mindedneſs, for in all theſe I ſee thy mighty Arm, and thy ſtrong Hand, and the light of thy Countenance, and all that they have done, and ſaid, is written for my Learning.

I rejoice in all the Bleſſings, thy Saints enjoy, in thy calling them to thy marvellous Light, in thy adorning their Souls with ſo many Reſplendent Vertues, in thy honouring of them with the lofty Titles of Children and Brethren, and Friends, and Kings, and Prieſts, in thy viſiting of them with thy Salvation, in thy aſſiſting of them with thy Power, thy Spirit, and thy Influences in their Dangers and Neceſſities, in thy Helping their In-

Infirmities, in thy Purifying of their Souls, in thy enlivening their Spirits, that they may not be ashamed of the Gospel of *Christ Jesus*, in thy keeping of them from all Evil, in thy rescuing of them from Temptations, in thy giving them a happy Death, and Promise of a Glorious Resurrection. I rejoice in all thy Mercies to Poor Sinners, in thy calling of them, to Repentance, in thy entreating, admonishing, and beseeching of them to be reconciled to God, in thy forbearing of them in thy Patience, and Long-suffering toward them, in thy waiting for their Repentance, in thy adjuring of them by Bowels of Mercy, by the Blood of *Jesus*, by the Wounds

of

of a Crucified Redeemer, by the ſweeteſt Calls, and by the greateſt motives to Seriouſneſs, and Holineſs, in thy receiving the Penitent, in thy forgetting all their Unkindneſſes, and forgiving the Affronts, they have offered unto Thee, in thy remembring their Sins no more, and drowning them in the depth of the Sea, even in the Blood of the Lamb, which was ſlain from the Foundation of the World.

I rejoice in all thy loving kindneſſes to thy Church, in thy giving her thy Word, thy Ordinances, thy Sacraments, in thy making her thy Bride, thy Spouſe, and thy Favourite, in thy Ordaining the Lord *Jeſus* to be her Head, her Husband, and her Pro-

Protector, and Nurſing-Father.

O Jeſu! I rejoyce in thy Incarnation, in the great Myſtery of Godlineſs, God manifeſted in the Fleſh, juſtified in the Spirit, ſeen of Angels, Preach'd in the World, Believ'd on by the Gentiles, receiv'd up into Glory. I have reaſon to rejoyce in thy hypoſtatick Union, in thy being the Prince of Men, and Angels, and in that all the treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge are in thee! I rejoyce in thy ſending the Comforter into the world; in thy Promiſes, in thy Offers, in thy Providences, in the Proviſion thou haſt made for our Souls, and Bodies.

O give me a thankful Heart for my right ſhape, for my Health and Strength, and temporal advantages; O what a mercy is it, that thou haſt cauſed me to be born in the Light, in the true Religion, in a Religion free from notorious Errours, and Superſtitions! How am I beholding to thee, that thou haſt kept me from ſo many opportunities of ſinning againſt thee, from abundance of temptations, from innumerable occaſions of evil! How many have been ſnatcht away by ſudden death; and I am alive yet! How many have been denyed the grace of Repentance, which thou ſtill offereſt to me! That I have a heart to pray and praiſe thy Name,

What

What a mighty token of thy Love is this! Let Heaven and Earth praiſe the Lord; Let all the Angels in Heaven praiſe him. Let every thing that hath breath praiſe the Lord, praiſe thou the Lord O my Soul!

I remember, O Lord, how when I have gone through the water, thou haſt been with me; when I have paſſed through the Fire, thou haſt commanded the Flames not to kindle upon me! I remember, when for a ſmall moment, thou haſt hid thy Face from me; How with everlaſting kindneſſes thou haſt viſited me again! O how often haſt thou deliver'd me from the nethermoſt Hell! When I have been ready to ſink in the mire, thou haſt pul-

led me out of the horrible pit, out of the miry Clay, and ſet my feet upon a Rock, and eſtabliſh'd my goings! When the ſnares of death have incompaſſed me, and the pains of Hell laid hold on me, thou haſt deliver'd my Soul from Death, mine Eyes from Tears, and my Feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the Land of the Living; what reward ſhall I render unto thee for all thy benefits! How loth haſt thou been to behold my ruine! How haſt thou call'd after me, *Have mercy on thy ſelf*! With what convictions haſt thou follow'd me! What checks of Conſcience haſt thou given me! O my Lord! Thou ſhalt have all the Glory. Thou art worthy to receive

Bleſſing

Bleſſing, and Honour, and Majeſty, and Dominion! How precious are thy Mercies! How rich thy Loving kindneſſes! To do ſo much for duſt and aſhes, for a Worm, for a Graſhopper, for a Creature that hath abuſed thee, and rebell'd againſt thee; O what goodneſs is this! My underſtanding is not big enough to comprehend it. I'll acknowledge thee for my God, I'll own thee for my Redeemer; Thou ſhalt be my King, my Maſter, my Sovereign Lord! I will conſecrate all my Labours, all my Services, all I have, and all I am to thy Glory! O what a favour is forgiveneſs of Sin, which I truſt I have received this day!

Think O my Soul, what a bondage thou art deliver'd from! Think what ſlavery thou art freed from! Now thou art at liberty, now thou mayſt ſerve God chearfully; now thou mayſt freely go on from Virtue to Virtue. This is a day of Thankſgiving; this is a day of glad tidings; this is a day which ought to be remembred; O my Jeſus! Thou haſt this day viſited the Earth, and watered it! Thou haſt made it rich with thy ſhowers, thy Grace hath dropp'd upon me this day, like the Rain on the mowen Graſs! O order my ſteps according to thy Word for the future! Let me ſee thee in every Mercy! Teach me to admire thee in every Bleſſing! Let nothing

thing ſeduce my Heart from thee! When any afflictions come upon me, let me receive them with Thanks and Submiſſion! When I ſtumble, do thou ſupport me; when I fall, do thou raiſe me; when I go aſtray, do thou ſeek me; when I err, do thou direct me; When I ſlacken in thy ſervice, do thou ſtrengthen me! Keep the door of my Senſes, that no impure thing may enter there! Let my Heart be thy Temple! Teach me to enquire daily, what progreſs I make in thy way; Let thy Word be a lanthorn to my Feet, and a Light unto my paths! Let no evil company diſcourage me! Let thy Providence direct me to perſons that love thy

thy Law, and in these excellent ones, let all my Delight and Comfort be!

O my Lord, my Life is hid in thee! But when thy Glory shall appear, I shall be like thee! Speak Lord, for thy Servant hears! Let none of thy Commandements be hence-forward grievous to me! Open thy hand and feed my Soul! When I am tempted, lay no more upon me, then I am able to bear! Give me courage to strive to enter in at the strait Gate! Let me ever look at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are Temporal, but the things which are not seen, are Eternal! Thy Kingdom, Lord, is not in Meat and Drink, but

in

in Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghoſt; Give me a taſte of it! Let Eternity be always in my mind! Into thy hands I do commend my Spirit, my Body, and all the concerns of my Life! Let thy Grace come down upon me plentifully! Let me not do thy Will negligently! Let me live in the thoughts of another life, and let thoſe Thoughts encourage me to follow after, that I may apprehend that, for which I am alſo apprehended of Chriſt Jeſus! O hear me! O Anſwer me! O pity me! O relieve me! O come in! O ſuccour me, thou that art the God of my Salvation, and my Tongue ſhall talk of thy Righteouſneſs, all the day long! Let all thoſe, that

that ſeek thee rejoyce, and be glad in thee, and let ſuch as love thy Salvation, ſay continually, Let God be magnified! I am poor and needy, make haſte unto me, O God! thou art my Help, and my Deliverer: O Lord, make no tarrying, *Amen, Amen.*

ERRATA.

PAge 51. l. 24. read *liberty*. p. 169. l. 19. r. *Repentance.*

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